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LOVE'S FOREBODINGS.

FROM THE "EPOCHALS."
BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

"'Twas when the spousal time of May
Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths,
And air's so sweet the bosom gay
Gives thanks for every breath it breathes,
When like to like is gladly moved,
And each thing joins in Spring's refrain,
'Let those love now, who never loved;
Let those who have loved love again;'
That I, in whom the sweet time wrought,
Lay stretch'd within a lonely glades
Abandon'd to delicious thought
Beneath the softly twinkling shade.
The leaves, all stirring, mimick'd well
A neighboring rush of rivers cold,
And, as the sun or shadow fell,
So these were green and those were gold;
In manner dim, blue hyacinths droop'd,
And breadths of primrose cool'd the air,
Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd
And gather'd perfumes here and there;
Upon the spray the squirrel swung,
And careless songsters, six or seven,
Sang lofty songs the leaves among,
Fit for their only listener, Heaven.

"And so I mused, till musing brought
A dream that shook my house of clay,
And, in my humbled heart, I thought:
To me there yet may come a day
When o'er my head great waters roll,
And this poor hope is all I have
That faith, though helpless to console,
May still be strong enough to save;
And this the single vestige seen
Of comfort, earthly or divine,
The thing I suffer must have been
Her portion, had it not been mine
Then I, who knew, from watching life,
That blows prepared for seldom fail,
Rehearsed the losing of a wife,
And faced its terrors each and all.
The self-chastising fancy show'd
The coffin with its ghastly breath;
The innocent sweet face that owed
None of its innocence to death;
The lips that need to talk; the knell
That bade the world beware of mirth;
The heartless and intolerable
Indignity of 'earth to earth;'
Love's still recurrent jubilees,
Each dropping on my life like lead;
At morn remembering by degrees
That she I dream'd about was dead;
The duties of my life the same,
Their meaning for the feelings gone;
Friendship impertinent, and fame
Disgusting; and, more harrowing none,
Small household troubles fall'n to me,
As, 'What time would I dine to-day?'
And, oh, how could I bear to see
Her noisy children at their play.
Some fatal day might come to mind
That miss'd the gift which more endears:
Some hour which might have been more kind,
And now lost fertile in vain tears;
Some little wrong, now greatly rued;
Remorse of misestimated delight,
And love, in disbelieving mood,
Deserting his celestial height;
The thought that God in grace sent grief
To make me less the world's, and more
Meek-hearted: ah, what sick relief!
Why bow'd I not my heart before?"

Pictures of Life.

LOVE AND COWARDICE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
EMILE SOUVESTRE,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER III.

It was the season of the high spring-tides, called in this part of the coast, the *vouvedas*. The water now had retired so far, that a bank of rocks, which extended somewhat beyond the usual low-tide mark, were left quite bare.

The sun had almost reached the horizon, which was brightly illuminated with its fading beams. The sea at a little distance appeared variegated with a thousand diverse colors, which might readily deceive an accustomed eye. Sometimes the waves, darkened by the first shades of evening, appeared like a freshly-ploughed field, on which the flakes of foam looked like tufts of chamomile in flower. Now the undulations appeared like a green prairie, moved by the breeze; when at last, blushing under the rays of the setting sun, the waves glided among the rocks, looking like a billow of flame. Here and there the belated sea-gulls flew across the heavens, and some cows lying on the sands, lowed with pleasure in breathing the fresh sea-air.

Niette took her way along the sterile paths, bordered by fragments of granite, which inclosed the cultivated fields. Arrived at the upper end of the promontory, she entered into one of the vineyards, where the old vines, creeping along the earth, were so immense as to seem like enormous sleeping boa-constrictors. In order better to conceal herself, she followed one of the long trenches, dug to defend the vintage from the strong sea-breezes. She reached thus the point of the castle, which name still recalls the former occupation of the Spaniards, and looked towards the three great rocks that rose some distance to the right, like the ruined remains of some old monument. Louis was not there, she searched eagerly beyond in the clefts of the rocks, but as far as the eye could reach all was deserted. She began to fear Marzou had not come to the beach, when she saw the head of a child, which slowly appeared emerging from one of the rocky fissures by which the fishermen used to descend to the beach. She recognized the young brother of Louis, and called to him.

"You here, Jaumice?" said she, astounded, "I thought you had gone to Leyrat with a message."

"So I did," replied the boy, who still looked towards the little bay, which he had just left behind him, "but I have returned by the beach, in hopes of finding my brother on the sands by the black rock."

"And is he not there?"

"Yes," replied Jaumice, still gazing at something in the distance behind, "I have just left him in the great grotto, and I have only left him because he wished it."

"He is in the grotto?" repeated Niette, "and what is he about?"

The child shrugged his shoulders, without replying, and followed Niette for some moments in silence. His face, in which shone the precocious and sharpened intelligence of the orphan, whose only teacher has been misfortune, expressed so much uneasiness, that Niette was at once struck by it. She renewed her questions with still more earnestness.

"I cannot tell you what he is doing," said Jaumice, "but I am certain there is something on his mind."

The young girl felt a sudden fear.

"And you say he is in the large grotto?" added she, quickly.

"Yes," replied the boy, "he begged me to leave him alone; but it would be a good thing, if some one would say a kind word to him."

Niette mechanically made a step towards the fissure, then stopped short, and looked at Jaumice. He comprehended her intention, and hastened to take his departure.

"Pardon me for having detained you, Niette," said he, lifting his cap, "you are going for *Rougeaude*? I saw her waiting for you in the little meadows, as I passed just now."

He took the path which wound to the summit of the steep beach, and made the best of his way towards Pirinc. As soon as he had disappeared, Niette first assured herself that no one could see her, and then glided into the ravine, which descended to the sands.

The little beach that she soon reached, was indented by small inlets of water, in the midst of which rose a natural elevation of granite, covered with faded sea-weed, which entirely deadened the sound of the footsteps of the young girl, and she reached the grotto, without making any noise that could have betrayed her approach.

The summit of the rock had been hollowed out by the waves, and was attached to the steep beach only by some detached fragments of granite, but its base was deeply bedded in the promontory. The grotto itself was formed of two compartments, united by an elongated vault, and it had a double outlet on the two beaches, that separated the reef of rocks. The roof of the cavern was formed by strata of slate and iron-ore, mixed with some veins of white quartz. In the first inclosure, a chink in the roof of the vault admitted a ray of the setting sun. This ray fell on the forehead of Louis, as he lay prostrate on the wet sands, his head supported on a fragment of rock. He sprang up quickly, as Niette entered, with an exclamation of surprise at her appearance.

"You here?" he cried, scarcely recovered from his stupor; "and what are you looking for?"

Then perceiving the troubled looks of the young girl, he added—

"In the name of God, what has happened, that you are so late among the great rocks?"

"Tell me first why you have remained here yourself?" said Niette, regarding him closely. "Is it your custom, when you come to the castle, to tend your lines, or to sleep in the grotto?"

"I was not asleep, Niette," said the young man, sadly.

"What are you doing, then?"

"I have been thinking of our last conversation, dear girl. Whilst I was with you, I could not be sad, but now that I have reflected, it seems to me there is so little ground to hope, and I feel no longer strength to wrestle against my unhappy fate. You see me here, crouched like some unfortunate wretch, without courage, or even desire to live."

"God protect us! Is this as you promised, Louis?" replied Niette, deeply moved. "Are you no longer a man? Be reasonable, neither you nor I have reached the end of our trial."

"Ah! you come to announce some new misfortune," cried Marzou.

"All the more reason that you should have a strong heart," said the peasant.

"But what is it then—what is it?"

"It is only that my father has his suspicions about us, and that the Grand Luc and he are very much incensed; also, that they are in search of you."

"It is well," replied Louis, with an air of discouraged indifference. "They will have no trouble to find me. And as they are the strongest, they will do with me as they please."

"For goodness sake, say not so, Louis," interrupted Niette, clasping her hands. "How will God take pity on us, if we take no care of ourselves? Do you not then want to live for those who love you?"

"But if this love is accounted as a crime," said Marzou, "and if they tear it from me at any risk—even that of my life, (for you have said they seek my life,) how can I escape the cruelty of these men?"

"There is but one way," replied she.

"One way—and what is that?"

The young girl hesitated, as if it cost her a great effort to proceed, at last she replied, without raising her eyes, and with a faltering accent—

"That which Master Luz has proposed to you."

"What! to leave you!" cried Louis; "to abandon you to all the importunities of Goran and his sailor? Can you propose this to me, Niette? And what do you wish me to do when I have left you? Do you think I should have the heart to work? I should always be looking back to the coast of Pirinc. To leave you! You did not wish it a while since; whilst I am on shore, at least, I can always see you, though it may be at a distance. At times we can hear each other's voices, and we feel that we breathe the same air. You thought so, too, but now you have changed! Ah! this is indeed a misfortune I did not expect."

The voice of the young man trembled, and his eyes were filled with tears. Niette, touched to the heart, sank kneeling on the sand, and taking the hands of Marzou, she employed the kindest words to show him the necessity of their separation. But this last blow had opened all the sources of grief in the heart of poor Louis. Having nothing to reply to the wise reasonings of the fisherman's daughter, he remained plunged in his bitter thoughts. Recalling all his unfortunate history, first his abandoned orphan state, and then the feeling of contempt which had met his unwearied efforts to gain a decent livelihood, and now his greatest grief of all, the breaking of the ties which bound him to the only being who had ever loved him for his own sake. And, as if it was not a sufficiently hard fate, to be obliged to defer his hopes for an indefinite time, and to gain only by stealth some poor joys—but the hour had come when he must renounce all! The hopes which had supported him till now, were about to be snatched from him. Thus, whilst he gratified his despair, the expression of his grief took so passionate a form, that at last Niette herself was affected by it. She tried in vain to resist these sensations of depression, as her lips murmured some expressions of a vague hope; all her confidence and courage insensibly abandoned her. This struggle of hope with despair was prolonged to her disadvantage, for when once the heart of Louis was opened, the sources of grief, so long restrained, overflowed like a flood—they became wilder and stronger, destroying all his own illusions as well as those of Niette. She lost all power of commanding her feelings, and covering her face with her hands, she uttered a cry of despair.

Louis was at once recalled to himself, by seeing the young girl so entirely overcome at his feet; and sighing as if his heart would break, he changed instantly his tone of bitterness, for one of sad tenderness.

"Poor girl," he said, "I have made her weep! as if it was necessary to tell her this! But Niette, darling, why did you speak to me of never seeing more? Why tell me that henceforward there were no joys for me! that I must live without hope? God gives His favors to all. They say one delights to gather in his harvests; another exults in commanding his own vessel; and some live contented under their own vines; but as for me, I have neither lands, houses, or boats. I have nothing but my little brother, who is my charge, and you, dear Niette, who are my only joy. When I see you smile on me from a distance, and call me by my name, it seems to me there is no voice as sweet as yours; and when I feel the flutter of your garments in passing ——. Ah, well! I can tell you only, that it is as if a bright ray had penetrated my soul; my blood flows free; I love all the world, and I thank the good God that I live. But without you, darling, I become sad; I recall all my misfortunes—I have neither peace nor happiness."

"But what can we do?" cried Niette, who, in the midst of her desolation, had been moved by the tender words of Louis; "do you not know that if you stay here some misfortune will happen to us?"

"Do not fear, dear friend," replied Louis, taking her hand, "I know well that your father and the Grand Luc, when they return from their voyage, will anchor in the Sardine d'Argent, and whilst I remain out of their sight, they will not waste their time in looking for me."

"But if they should meet you by chance?"

"If they do, my Cobrian, I will run as if menaced by the wind; never heed but I will fly in good time."

"Do not speak so lightly," said the young girl, though the almost cheerful tone of Louis had insensibly reassured her, and she began to feel her heart somewhat lightened of its burden. "Consider rather what I have told you. Perhaps you do not know all the danger which threatens us. When my father is blinded by anger, he cares not where he strikes; and the Grand Luc follows his lead. They may attempt to take your life."

"Don't fear that, my Niette. A man is not killed like a crab, that can be crushed to death under foot."

"And when you defend yourself, it will be against my father."

"Never," cried Marzou, "can I strike him who has given you life! No, no, my Niette, you could not think that; his flesh is also yours; and sooner would I lift my hands against the holy saints, than strike your father."

"Thank you, dear friend," said Niette, moved by the warmth of Marzou's protestations; "this, indeed, proves your good heart, as well as your friendship. But do not put yourself in the way to be tempted. What will become of you, if my father carries his threat into execution?"

"What God pleases," said the young man, with courageous serenity. "We are all in His power, as is the sail at the mercy of the wind. Who knows but He may soften these hard hearts? When your father sees me support his anger with patience, he may relent. If he strikes, I will bend to the blow, without returning it, and for want of opposition he will not repeat it; for as long, dear Niette, as you wish me well, I shall suffer all with patience."

In pronouncing these last words, Marzou had half raised the young girl, and pressed her gently to his breast. Niette, abashed and agitated, feebly resisted. She had already lost sight of her object in searching for Marzou. Influenced by the feeling which solitudes promote, she felt the sweetest emotions succeed to her first alarms, and, without further reasoning, she abandoned herself to those hopes from which it had been her object to wean Marzou. In this interview, which was to have been her last, she felt her heart more strongly bound than ever to her unfortunate lover. She tried, indeed, to utter some timid objections, but Marzou opposed them by redoubled tenderness, and though he spoke not a word, silenced all remonstrance.

Time, however, had advanced; the night had closed in, but in the dim light of the grotto, neither of the lovers had observed it. Under pretext of searching for some practicable scheme which might enable Louis to remain in the neighborhood, they built a thousand airy castles, to which each hope brought a store. First, it was the relenting of Goran, who happily consents; then followed all the chapters of lovers' romance, so delightful in anticipation. Carried away by these sweet dreams, the lovers imagined their hopes to be realities. Louis, rendered more familiar with the deceptions of the heart, by a solitary life, and aspirations always checked, allowed himself to be lulled without resistance, whilst the young girl listened with a half wondering, and half incredulous manner, like a child quieted by the recital of some fairy tale.

At last she seemed to awaken as if from a dream, and looking around her, she perceived, across the arch of entrance, the darkened heavens, already sparkling with stars. Springing to her feet, with an exclamation of astonishment, she cried,

"Ah, Louis! you have made me forget the hour; the night is closed, and I should have set out long ago. What will they say at the village, when they see me return at this late hour with Rougeaude?"

"They will not see you, Niette," said Marzou; "but in the name of Heaven, do not start before you have told me again you will always love me."

"Be quiet then, torment!" said the young girl, "you know well that depends no longer on my will."

"Then I am indeed happy, dear Niette, cried Louis," pressing her against his heart; for where there is a strong will, all obstacles will sooner or later disappear. "As true as I love you, neither thy father, nor the Grand Luc, nor Heaven itself can prevent our happiness."

Here a low, splashing sound, which had before struck the ear of the young girl, made her turn her head to listen.

"Do you hear that?" said she; "time flies; the tide is rising. If you detain me longer I shall not be able to regain the path."

"Fear nothing," replied Marzou, not yet quite recovered from his late delightful day-dreams, "the tide is yet out."

"Look there; do you not see something which looks white, across the gloom of the night?"

"It is the sand of the beach."

"I feel something like the spray of the surf."

"It is only the mist of the evening."

Speaking thus, they both advanced towards the entrance of the cave; but as Niette stepped out, she uttered a cry.

"What is it?" demanded Louis, who saw but Niette.

She spoke not, but stood with both hands raised in sudden alarm.

Marzou, who had followed her with his eyes, started with terror.

As far as they could distinguish, they saw nothing but the waves; the little beach which was necessary to cross, before reaching the ravine, was so completely covered with water, that the elevation of granite that crossed it could not be seen, but by a line of foam. The sea gained every instant on the great rock, which rose in front of the grotto, till in the dark it looked like the hull of some gigantic ship which loomed in the distance!

Marzou hastened to the second outlet, but there the beach, lower still, had entirely disappeared, and he saw but a deep bay, agitated by the swell.

After the first cry of alarm, Niette remained standing where Louis had left her, regarding him, with clasped hands, unable to utter a word, expecting him to propose some means of safety; but when she saw him stand motionless at the second outlet of the grotto, regarding the waves which already bathed his feet, she seized him by his hand, and called him by name. Marzou turned.

"Well?" demanded she.

"Well! you see," murmured the young man; "from this side we cannot reach the ravine but at the peril of life, and from the other the road is under water—no one can cross it without being carried away."

"But you who know the rocks of Castelli as I know my father's house," replied the young girl in great anguish, "can you not find another route? Is there no other way to leave the place?"

Marzou dropped his head, and answered but by pointing to the sea, which surrounded them in every direction.

"My God!" cried Niette, with a movement of despair. "My God, Louis! we cannot die here! see, the land is so near."

"Yes," replied he, in a low tone, "but to reach it we must swim across the beach."

The daughter of Goran trembled.

"Well, you can swim," cried she, "you can pass the little beach in the waves, as readily as I passed it just now on the sand—quick, quick, start, Louis; if you do not hurry, you will be too late."

"And leave thee to die alone, dear innocent?" said the young man, smiling sadly.

"No," replied Niette, "I know you would not leave me, but here you can do nothing, whilst if you reach the bank, you will run to the port, there no one will refuse you a boat, and you will come to save me."

Louis shook his head.

"See!" he said, "how fast the sea rises," and he pointed to the waves, which already came in the grotto. "Dearest, though I had the wings of the sea-gull, I could not bring thee any timely succor."

"Is it really so?" murmured Niette, who wept with alarm: "then I am lost, you say: lost, without hope! Oh! it is impossible. My God! you will not be without pity. Save me, holy mother! Saints, angels, guardians, save me!"

She raised her hands to Heaven, wringing them in despair; but suddenly love conquered all fear, and she recovered her self-possession.

"No," she said, more calmly, "I am mad; do not listen to me, oh, my heavenly Father! It is Louis who must escape; Thou wilt take me, since it must be so. Save yourself, Louis. I wish it, do you understand? I pray you to go! Oh, for mercy's sake relieve me of the burden of your death. If you remain, I feel I shall not have courage to die. I could not be resigned to God—then leave me, Louis, to die alone, in the name of all that is blessed."

At this moment a wave overleaped the rock which protected the entrance of the grotto, and broke over the young girl. Marzou had just time to seize her, and carry her to the highest part of the cavern, which was still above the reach of the waves. At the further end was an inclined plane, which rose gradually to the top of the vault; up this Louis gradually bore Niette, and with difficulty placed her on a projection of rock, near the roof of the cave. Here, seated some distance from the opening of the grotto, the poor child felt somewhat reassured by the sight of the starry heavens, and the perfumes of the fields which were borne to them by the fresh evening breeze.

The violence of the waves became each moment more furious; they saw them on the right and on the left, in the midst of the obscurity. Now they rose to the summit of the arches, and tumbled in with a fearful noise. The circle of death was gradually narrowing around the unfortunate couple. Stunned by the terrible sounds which the waves made in the resounding, hollow caverns—breathing with difficulty in the midst of the heavy spray, everything appeared to be moving. Too sure now that there was no hope of escape, they remained silent, embraced by each other's arms, as if both had lost all power of will or thought. Once a sound, weakened by the distance, reached their ears through the opening of the rock; it was the clock of Pirinc, calling to vespers. This familiar, unexpected sound gave a shock to their stupefied hearts, and, as if by a common impulse, Marzou uncovered his head, whilst Niette joined her hands.

"It is God who calls us and consoles us," said Louis, with that warmth of faith which the last hour brings to the good man; "let us make our last prayer for those whom we shall never see again."

And kneeling on the wet stones, Louis commenced to repeat aloud one of the sublime but simple prayers of the church. Mingled with the noise of the waves, becoming every moment more furious, the simple words of the Creed might have been heard. Before he had half finished, he was interrupted by hearing his name called.

"Whose voice is that?" murmured Niette, who, in the exaltation of the moment, thought she heard a supernatural sound.

A shadow intercepted the light which came from the opening above their heads.

"Heavens, there are two of them!" said the voice.

"Save us!" cried Niette, suddenly recalled to the hope of life.

"Impossible!" murmured Louis, we are lost.

"I came to tell you that just now big Peter was at Penhaven with his boat," said Jaumice.

"At Penhaven?"

"For God's sake hold on, I am off to fetch him."

The child disappeared quickly.

The young girl returned to life, but to feel all her anguish.

"Oh, God! if the boat should come too late!" murmured she, feeling the waves over her feet. "See, Louis, see how the sea gains on us! Oh, you were right, my poor friend—all will be useless. We shall indeed die here."

"It will not take long to come from Penhaven," Louis forced himself to say.

"Then, do you really think we shall be saved?" asked Niette, who caught at this prospect with a feeling of despair. "Oh! if you say so, Louis, it must be true, for you know the sands better than any one in the country. Look! Look! Is that not the sail of big Peter's bark which we see down there?"

Saying this, she pointed towards some white object which advanced from the side of the sea, and made steadily for the grotto.

Marzou lowered his head, planted himself firmly against the rock, and drew the young girl still more closely towards him.

The point of white approached rapidly; it seemed to rush forward like a race-horse, and Niette uttered a cry of horror, as she saw a monstrous wave, which overtopped all the others. The wave broke over the arch with a stunning roar, and filled the cavern up to the summit. Marzou was swept from his foothold, and only prevented himself from being carried away, by clutching desperately at some rocky projections, against which he was thrown; the waves receded, and Louis remained suspended over the abyss of waters, with the young girl. She, bewildered by the shock, had loosened her arms from her companion's neck. Louis tried to encourage her, whilst helping her to a safer position, and, encouraged by his words, Niette clung firmly to the walls of the grotto, in order to await the return of the waves. It was for both for some moments a horrid and desperate struggle. Beat about at the mercy of the waves, suffocated, bewildered, they scarcely had time to breathe between the shocks of each fresh assault. Their strength was almost gone, when the voice of Jaumice was heard again, across the opening of the rock.

"Do not fear!" cried the child, "here comes big Peter, he will help you."

The indistinct form of a shallop was seen struggling against the waves, but it remained at some distance from the entrance, while the voice of Peter was lost amidst the roar of waters.

"What does he say?" asked the young girl.

"He says," replied the boy, "that the boat cannot approach the grotto without being broken to pieces."

"In God's name make an effort to save us," cried Marzou.

"It is impossible," repeated Jaumice, "the sea is too strong, the grappling irons slip, and will not keep hold."

"Then there is but one chance," cried Marzou, who raised himself with a great effort. "Grasp my shoulder firmly, Niette, and recommend your soul to God!"

As he finished these words an enormous wave reached them, and abandoning the projection which till then had supported him, Louis, with Niette was swept off by the sea; but, as the fisherman had foreseen, the reflux of the wave carried them out of the grotto.

Big Peter was able to distinguish them in the breakers, he threw an oar towards Marzou, who, by this means, was drawn into the boat with the fainting girl.

CHAPTER IV.

On returning to her senses, Niette found herself in her own little bed, surrounded by her neighbors, who, under pretence of rendering some assistance, hoped to gratify their curiosity. The poor child, as soon as she opened her eyes, was overwhelmed with questions. All were anxious to know how it happened that she was at the grotto so late with Marzou, and why they were overtaken by the tide.

Niette could only escape these questions by feigning an inability to reply.

When they saw there was nothing to be learned at present, all gradually retired, exchanging, by-the-way, a thousand conjectures, which were more or less correct.

The young girl understood enough of what was said, to be fully aware that her father could not remain long in ignorance of the affair, if, indeed, he had not already been informed of it by rumor. She trembled at the thought of what might be the result. To-morrow, when he returned from Turbale, he must know all; and after what had passed between her and Louis, she could no longer expect to divert his rage. He would regard this meeting at the rocks of the Castelli, which had liked to have proved so fatal, as an act of disobedience which would excite all his violence.

Stung with bitter anguish she knew not what to do, and her uneasiness was so great that she determined to get up and seek the priest and ask his counsel.

She found him in his garden enjoying one of those beautiful summer evenings, when the night appears luminous, walking in the great alley bordered by a double row of pear trees. Having heard the story of the fisherman's daughter he showed some surprise at seeing her there.

"God be praised," he said, "my poor Niette, I should have thought after such a shock you could scarcely have recovered so soon. You have come, I hope, to return thanks to Him who has preserved you?"

"For that as well as for something else, good father," timidly replied the young girl, "for I am in great trouble, and you alone can direct me."

"If it was not my duty it would still be my pleasure, dear child," said the old priest; "come, what have you to tell me?"

Niette gazed down the paths of the garden which could scarcely be seen, as if she feared being overheard.

"Pardon me," said she, lowering her voice, "but I would rather tell you somewhere else."

"Where then, my child?"

"At the confessional."

"At this hour, you know the church is closed," said Mons. Lefort, "and if we return to the Presbytery the sexton will see you, and may speak of it. Believe me then, my child, it is better to remain here. God is everywhere, and I assure you no one save Him and myself can hear you." And saying this he conducted the young girl to an arbor at the foot of the garden, where he seated himself, and pointed the penitent girl to a wooden stool, on which she knelt. Some birds awakened by this unexpected visit flew about twittering among the branches which overhung the arbor. Then all was quiet, and nothing was heard but the distant murmur brought on by the fresh breeze.

Niette commenced then in a low voice in the form of confession, a recital of the events which had transpired since the morning. Her shame once overcome, she avowed all, without reserve, and without omitting anything, for she found strange joy in speaking of that love, which, without doubt, she must now renounce. The old man permitted this last and cruel joy, he listened patiently until all was told, and the young girl stopped, weeping bitterly. Then with a compassionate tenderness he endeavored to make her comprehend the hopelessness of an attachment that did not meet the approval of her parents or friends. He showed her the urgent necessity there was for a separation for the sake of her own reputation, as well as for the safety of Marzou. This indeed she had only too well realized before.

There still remained the difficulty of obtaining the consent of Marzou to their views. Mons. Lefort promised to see him, and use all his efforts to bring him to reason. He praised the young girl for the step she had taken, and predicted that she would bravely bear the trial, and that he should see her again if not cured, at least resigned. On the morrow, which was Sunday, she awaited her father with a mixture of fear and impatience; but the hour of mass arrived, and neither her father nor Lubert had made their appearance. Niette entered the church with a heart palpitating with anguish.

A crowd of people from the neighboring hamlets were assembled dressed in all their Sunday finery, discussing the adventure of the Castelli. She could only escape the general curiosity by taking refuge near the altar. There her first glance met that of Louis. Niette, ignorant of the result of his interview with Mons. Lefort, dared not question his features. Kneeling before the altar, she rivetted her eyes on the prayer-book, trying in vain to collect her thoughts. They would wander in spite of all her efforts, and it was only towards the middle of the service when Mons. Lefort entered the pulpit that she dared raise her head.

The preacher had taken for his text these words of Scripture "Blessed are they who mourn!" and though his sermon was as simple and short as usual, the young girl could not hear it without being moved to the heart. One might have thought that the old priest strove to hold out motives of encouragement to her and Louis, but when at the moment of leaving the pulpit, he recommended to the prayers of his parishioners one of their number, who was at the point of death, Niette felt all the blood rush to her heart. She turned her head quickly towards the side where Marzou sat, he was on his bench, so sad and pale, that she closed her eyes and leaned her head on the book which she held in her hand to hide her tears. The mass was ended before she had recovered her composure. She remained in the same spot plunged in bitter reflections, which had the appearance of meditation, until the church was gradually emptied of the congregation. Some formed themselves into groups of talkers, some went to the cemetery, others to the port. Some boats had just entered the harbor for protection from the wind which commenced to blow furiously. After having examined the horizon, and remarked on the state of the weather, the fisherman and peasants collected at the head of the pier to gossip over the events of the day before. There was no want of a variety of versions or indeed of malicious comments. Lubert, who had just landed, listened at first without comprehending, but when big Peter explained to him how he had saved Niette and Louis, he ran to Goran, who was busy in storing away the boats in safety, and recounted to him in his own fashion what he had heard.

The fisherman guessed, rather than comprehended; he dropped his work quickly and joined the group, and in a few words informed himself of the truth of what had happened. His first cry was for Marzou.

"Safe! I have told you," ironically repeated big Peter. "Are you already alarmed for fear your daughter may be a widow?"

"Is he in the village?" asked Goran.

"Just now he was seen at mass."

The fisherman drove his tarpaulin cap over his brows, and buttoned his vest.

"Grand Luc," cried he towards his sailor, "we must have Marzou dead or alive."

"I will take him," replied Lubert, who made a step towards the house where Louis lived.

At this moment the door opened, and Louis stepped out holding his brother by the hand, and carrying a light bundle on the end of a stick which was over his shoulder. The fisherman ran to meet him, seized him by the hand, and dragged him towards the group of peasants. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

SEA-LIFE.—I find the sea-life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives. The confinement, cold, motion, noise and odor, are not to be dispensed with. The floor of your room is sloped at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees, and I waked every morning with the belief that some one was tipping up my berth. Nobody likes to be treated ignominiously, upset, shoved against the side of the house, rolled over, suffocated with bilge, mephitis and stewing oil. We get used to these annoyances at last, but the dread of the sea remains longer. The sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look, what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one like ours, filled with men in ecstacies of terror, alternating with cockney conceit, as the sea is rough or smooth. Is this sad-colored circle an eternal cemetery? In our graveyards we scoop a pit, but this aggressive water opens mile-wide pits and chasms, and makes a mouthful of a fleet. To the geologist the sea is the only firmament; the land is in perpetual flux and change, now blown up like a tumor, now sunk in a chasm, and the registered observations of a few hundred years find it in a perpetual tilt, rising and falling. The sea keeps its old level, and it is no wonder that the history of our race is so recent, if the roar of the ocean is silencing our traditions. A rising of the sea, such as has been observed, say an inch in a century, from east to west on the land, will bury all the towns, monuments, bones and knowledge of mankind, steadily and insensibly. If it is capable of these great and secular mischiefs, it is quite as ready at private and local damage; and of this no landsman seems so fearful as the seaman.—Such discomfort and such danger as the narratives of the captain and mate disclose, are bad enough as the costly fee we pay for entrance to Europe; but the wonder is always new that any sane man can be a sailor.—*Emerson's English Traits.*

A TURKISH SCHOOL.—What a picture it was! On the cushioned divan, which ran along one side of the room, sat three venerable looking Imaums, in flowing robes, long beards, white turbans, and with *chibouque*. On their right and left, upon the divan, were seated a dozen boys, of ages varying from six to twelve, whose dress marked them of high rank. In a conspicuous position amongst these was a tiny boy, about four years old. He wore a little coat of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold; trowsers and vest to match; a leather band, richly worked, round his waist, from which hung a tiny sword. On his head a velvet fez, beautifully embroidered, with a heavy gold tassel, completed his attire. On a small desk before the Imaums were several large books in the Turkish language. One was lying open. Below the divan were rows of little Turks, all dressed alike, in the coat and trowsers and crimson cloth fez. They sat in rows on the floor, like an English infant-school, and their little red caps made them look, at a distance, like a bed of poppies. Truth to say, they behaved a great deal better than the same number of little Britons would have done. Our entrance attracted their attention. Only for an instant they gave us a look, then settled themselves again. And now one Imaum called up one boy after another to read a sentence out of the great book; when he had finished, all the school cried out, "Amen." At length the little boy, whose dress we have described, descended from his seat, and stood at the Imaum's feet—then slowly repeated each word after the Imaum. He accomplished a sentence; a very loud "Amen!" followed, and there was a buzz and a smile on every one's face, as if some feat had been accomplished. The child returned to his place, and the other boys went up in turns for their lesson.—*The Lady Volunteer.*

☞ It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow!

☞ It is decidedly provoking to have a fly light on your nose just as the daguerreotypist pulls out his watch and says, "Now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE GOT UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IS ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $3, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post-Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - - - - $5,00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAFNESS RECEIVED.—Mr. C. H. W., of Keokuk, Iowa, writes to us as follows:—

"I have been a regular subscriber to your paper a few years, and found some very valuable recipes in it.

"I found one recipe in your paper about four years back, that I consider of more value to me than all your paper has or would cost for years to come. That recipe is, to boil wagon fellows in linseed oil. I was getting a wagon made at the time I found that recipe, and I followed its direction, and my wagon has been in use and out in the wet and dry season pretty much ever since; and there is no appearance of the tire ever getting loose.

"Just take the wagon fellows after they are dressed, and boil them in linseed oil from one to two hours, and you will never be troubled getting your wagon tires reset."

EDUCATION AND WEALTH.

We recently met with an article in one of our exchanges, uncredited to any source, the object of which was to illustrate the pecuniary value of the citizen, in proportion to his enlightenment, to the whole community. Starting with the estimate that it requires an expenditure of one thousand dollars to rear the human body from its birth to manhood, it refers to the fact that in the case of the idiot that expenditure, so far from meeting with any pecuniary return, requires a constant additional outlay to keep the physical frame in being. Thus an idiot may be estimated to have taken from the wealth of a state one thousand dollars by the time he has arrived at the age of twenty-one; while one hundred dollars a year after that until the day of his death, is probably a small valuation of his expense to the community.

The human being thus entirely deficient in mind, is a positive loss to the state; but, in proportion as he is gifted with intelligence, does he become of pecuniary value to his country. For instance, estimating that a person of ordinary intelligence costs the community as much as the idiot before arriving at manhood—which is not the case, because the pecuniary value of even a boy's services is considerable, and should be deducted from the cost of maintenance—the moment such an one reaches the age of twenty-one, he is worth at least from one hundred to three hundred dollars over the cost of his subsistence.

Now in proportion as the faculties of an individual are cultivated, will he cost more to the community—but, on the other hand, he will be worth more. And the undeniable proof of this is, that his services will bring more. An educated man can fill positions which an uneducated one cannot—his services therefore as a general thing are better paid for. While, in addition, all the high rewards of life, scientific, literary, commercial and political are his. A ship-owner wishes an able captain, he must have him at any cost—and if the community in which he resides does not produce such, he must lure him by high wages from some other community. So with engineers, with architects, with teachers, with professors, with physicians, with lawyers, with almost every class of men in the higher departments of industry and knowledge.

Therefore in estimating the wealth of a State, we must take into account the pecuniary value of the men and women whom it contains—and this value will be greater or less per head, in proportion to the quantity and quality of the brains within those heads; for if "time is money," and "labor is money," none the less true is it that brain is money.

Communities and states in which the people are naturally intelligent, and their minds well cultivated, have thus a large capital invested in the very best shape it possibly can be to bring in a large yearly revenue. Everything that such a people do for strangers is well paid for; and every stroke that they strike for themselves, tells like ten strokes of ignorant men. In this way, New England, with her natural exports of only ice and granite, has become what she is. Starting with that capital stock, the old Puritan blood, she has developed her population by means of a general system of education, until as one of her sons proudly answered when asked what she raised, "She raises men!" And, as we have shown, this crop of "men" is not of mere theoretical value, but is of as much positive, practical pecuniary worth as a horse or a cow. For what is a horse worth, but the value of his services—a certain cash price representing this. And a man therefore is worth to the state, as a member of the community, just as much more as his services are worth more than the horse or cow's.

This rule is not a new one. It has long prevailed in the law, in estimating the damage for loss of services, or for railroad and other injuries.

A young man said to us the other day, "I wished I was worth something." We answered, you are worth considerable already. Taking you as you stand there, you are worth from five to ten thousand dollars. "How is that?" he inquired. Can you not readily get a salary of six hundred dollars a year? Then, said we, are you not in yourself a capital of ten thousand dollars? If you had that amount in cash, and would invest it at legal interest, six hundred dollars is all you could get for it. You get that much for the loan of yourself—therefore you are the equivalent of that sum.

"But my subsistence must come out of the six hundred!" Very true—in either case it must come out of the six hundred. There is no difference in that respect whether you lend the money or yourself. And further—you are liable to sickness, and the money is liable to loss. And if you say that money is worth twelve per cent. instead of six, you would still be worth at least *five* thousand.

Now, there is no catch in this logic—it is sound and good. A laboring man who can make $300 a year, possesses in himself a capital of $6,000—estimating money at the legal rate in Pennsylvania of six per cent. And this view should be generally disseminated, for it would tend to uphold the dignity of human nature, by showing that in a mere pecuniary sense, every man is of value; and, moreover, that his value increases in proportion to his intelligence, and that moral worth which makes intelligence available.

This view also manifests the great gain to a country of foreign immigration—when that immigration is composed of the right kind of material. Of course paupers and burglars are a positive loss, because they live upon the community, and add nothing by their industry to its wealth. But every intelligent, well-behaved, grown-up foreigner, who comes into the United States, may be said to bring a capital of several thousands of dollars with him, in his bones, muscle and mind alone. Of course this immigration is not so valuable in the case of children, because the country in which they live must bear the cost of rearing them until they arrive at years of usefulness. In the case of men and women, however, all the expenses of rearing them to labor by the parent state, and then the product is given over to some other country. If Europe would raise us horses free of expense, everybody would understand the advantage of that; while everybody does not understand the advantage of having her raise us men. And yet the wonderful advance of the United States in wealth and power, is in no slight degree owing to this very gain resulting from an unimpeded immigration.

And in proportion to the numbers, wealth and power of a State, is the security of every individual therein. Look at Great Britain. She has been engaged in way after war—and yet for centuries her homes have never been polluted by the hostile foot of an invader. This of itself is a great gain—that if battles must be fought, they be not fought *on your own grounds*, and *by your own firesides*. That wives and daughters may be secure,—if husbands and sons do fall on foreign battle-fields.

And England, in her early days, owed greatly to immigration. Probably without those hostile settlements of Danes and Saxons and Normans upon her soil, she would never have received a sufficient impetus to make her what she is.

We do not deny that as a country fills up with inhabitants, the time often comes when the community begins to dread the idea of an over-population. This dread arises from the fact, we suppose, that the expense of rearing no longer seems to be repaid by the laborer. In another view, as a farmer with a certain quantity of land, could not employ more than a certain amount of labor on that land, even were it given him *for simply the mere cost of subsistence*, so a state may be placed in a similar predicament. It might be said that such a man or state had too little capital in land, in proportion to the amount of capital in labor—and of course either land or labor becomes valueless as it is unavailable.

This does not prove any fallacy in the statement that both land and labor are so much wealth; but only that they are not wealth when they cannot be made use of. And in this they are simply like all other forms or representatives of wealth. For instance, what are heaps of gold to a shipwrecked sailor on an uninhabited island? One hundredth part of its commercial value, in the shape of a fellow man, would be of infinitely more real value to him. Even gold itself, bringing often only 2 per cent. a year in England, will bring 20 per cent. in a new country. When we admit therefore that the pecuniary value of men and women is decreased by an oversupply in any one place, we simply admit what is true of all other kinds of wealth.

But we need not prolong the investigation. The reader can easily apply and develope the idea. There is a consistency in all truth; and it is only reasonable therefore that it should be found that even in a pecuniary sense, a man is worth more to his fellow men, in proportion to the extent of his intelligence and cultivation. Even an intelligent horse or dog is worth more than a dumb one—and what is true of the lower orders of creation, is preeminently true of man. Merely as practical, money-loving men therefore, we should earnestly favor all measures calculated to advance the intellectual position of the masses. As the iron block is valuable in itself, but tenfold more so when fashioned into serviceable tools, so is the mere pecuniary worth of a man increased by sharpening and developing the faculties within him. Doubtless many an inventive mechanical genius has gone down into the dust, and made no sign, who might have enrolled his name with Watt and Fitch and Arkwright, had the benefits of early education not been denied him. If all men were educated, the world's material progress in every decade probably would be what it now is in a century. Relative to its spiritual progress, it has not been our purpose in this article to speak. That, at least, may be taken for granted.

THE KANSAS NEWS.

A "literary newspaper" like our own, mainly devoted, as the term implies, to Literature and News, in the progress of an exciting political campaign like the present, is continually liable to the charge of aiding indirectly one party or the other. Now while it has always been our custom in the Post, to speak with a reasonable degree of freedom upon various important questions affecting great political *principles*, as they arose, it has not been our custom to enter into the more immediate question of who shall fill either the greater or the smaller offices of the government. While we have held ourselves at liberty to blame what we considered a false principle, or a wrong action, we have borne in mind that the character of our paper was in the main distinct from that of a mere political advocate. That every literary paper must exercise indirectly an influence upon all the opinions of its readers, is unavoidable. If it did not, it would be simply because it was a paper of no character or influence at all. For all truths are naturally allied to each other—and a true word in Literature, is indirectly a true word both in Politics and Religion.

As to the publication of the news, the same difficulty is met with—and, in this canvass, with special reference to Kansas. But we cannot stop to inquire who the Kansas news helps, and who it harms. Our course is simply to publish that news, in as correct a shape as we possibly can obtain it.

And this we do, and have done. That exaggerated accounts often come from Kansas, doubtless is true. But, even in these cases, they are generally exaggerations of the truth, and not sheer falsehoods. Why every one knows how liable the first account even of a railroad or steamboat accident is to be exaggerated—and yet sometimes the truth is even more shocking than the first statement.

It is not a very easy matter to publish everything that comes from Kansas—as it would fill up about half our paper every week. We must therefore give what we believe to be a tolerably reliable summary of the facts—correcting all errors as they become apparent. This we have done, and shall continue to do, to the best of our knowledge and ability. We do not consider it incumbent upon us, as a fair journalist, to endeavor so to arrange our news, that it shall bear with just an equal pressure in favor of all three political parties. To do this, we would have to omit the report of a State going for the Democrats, unless we could report at the same time that another had gone for the Americans, and still another for the Republicans. The progress of events will bear unequally upon parties. Our duty is to record the events as fairly as we can, help or hurt whom they will. If our readers wish a paper to lie to them—to deny or scoff away the existence of undoubted facts—there are enough unscrupulous party hacks in the country to accommodate them. For our part, we cannot deny either what we deem a true principle, or a true statement, for the sake of any party or any candidate.

JEWELRY has been much more worn during the recent watering season than for many years previously, both by gentlemen and ladies. More particularly have the former been addicted to the practice.

The more's the pity. A little jewelry on a lady does very well—but much jewelry on a gentleman has either a foppish or a flashy look, which leads sensible persons to fear that he has either a weak spot in his head or a base flaw in his heart.

THE INVESTIGATIONS.—It is now believed that the importations of foreign goods this fall will not be so large as was generally apprehended. Excessive importations in the cities, lead to the forcing off of improper amounts of merchandize upon country dealers, and to an excess of the credit system—and thus result in evil all around.

LITERATURE.

We are led to remember some things about Dickens and his general moral, from having lately seen the two handsome volumes of "Nicholas Nickleby," which constitute the issue of Mr. T. B. Peterson's cheap and choice edition of the famous novelist's works, and refresh us with a renewed sight of those graphic illustrations which so amused us when they came, years ago, fresh from the pencils of "Phiz" and Cruikshank.

Emerson, in his "English Traits," thus characterizes Dickens' literary position and labors: "He writes *tracts* with large and ever increasing generosity." This is *par* the truth. His works are something besides novels. They are so many articles and arguments directed against prevalent evils and abuses. Their effect has always been to create, against some monstrous and tangible evil, a public sentiment, which has generally crystallized into ideas, and then, passing into official action, levelled the cause of complaint, and abolished it for ever. Thus, "Barnaby Rudge" struck mainly at the sectarian disposition to religious intolerance: "Bleak House" at the abominable Chancery system; "Oliver Twist" at the workhouses, and the selfish forgetfulness that abandons the poor of cities to vice and the worst evils of heathenism; and "Little Dorrit" with its frank exposure of the inefficiency and uselessness of the English Home Department, is likely to work a wholesome reform in the governmental practice of Downing street. In "Nicholas Nickleby" the main thing attacked was the system of Yorkshire schools:—how effectually, the parliamentary committees of inquiry instituted to examine the state of things in that direction, and the total breaking up of the system which followed, fully testifies. The immediate effect of the work in England was prodigious. It flattered the Yorkshire schoolmasters immensely. Every wretch of that class fancied the portrait of Mr. Squeers his own, and threatened vengeance on the author. The cap fitted a great variety of heads. We cannot now recall accurately the number of actions for libel instituted by Yorkshire schoolmasters against Dickens, at the County Assizes—it is quite large; but not one of them came to trial. Dickens was not to be frightened; he had the proof of his veracity in his hands, and the schoolmasters backed down. Then came the bolt of retribution, and those dens of brutal neglect and cruelty were broken up finally.

The most obvious results which the works of Dickens have produced, are too strictly local to be widely understood and appreciated on this side of the Atlantic. His sword is generally flashed in evils peculiarly English. We know him here chiefly as the great novelist who makes us laugh and weep at his pleasure, and fills our memories with odd and beautiful pictures and portraits. Much of the generous philanthropy which his works contain, is, for us, altogether in the abstract. But in England it is not at all in the abstract. There he is recognized as a democratic force which works with fearful directness, and is openly fought against by the upholders of a cruel conservatism. He meets with an opposition in that country, somewhat similar to that which assails a political or moral reformer in this. He has made of literature, as the true literary man is always bound to do, and always does, an influence which acts like a weapon on public wrongs.—This is as it should be. Life is an eternal war, and even the stories which amuse its hours of bivouac, and the songs that cheer its march, should bear relation to the stake at struggle. Abstract literature will do for the frivolous and selfish who choose to forget the solemn and earnest meanings of life, and absent themselves from the contest—and it will also do for trunk-paper. What curious notions some people entertain on this subject! When a literary man applies his talents, as he ought to apply them, to the service of his fellow-beings, the truest interests of his time, the overturning of some monstrous injustice, the enduring good of his country—they begin to growl and mutter and protest, and incontinently warn him against "meddling" and "interfering" with what they declare is out of his proper sphere! As if the worth and respectability and immortality of all literature has not always been in direct proportion to its practical, obvious relation with the events that shake the hour! As if it is not the especial duty of the literary man—a duty enjoined upon him by every noble and reasonable consideration, and established by all precedent—to make his writings tell against whatever menaces liberty, humanity, religion, or any of the ideas or institutions which render society fit for an honest man to live in, and government a thing not to be despised! As if Dante and Alfieri, Montaigne, Rabelais, Schiller, Korner, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Shelley, Cowper, Pope, Defoe, Swift, Burns, and all the men whose names are brightest in literature, and whose fames most secure, were not, more or less, but always as much as possible, active and prominent, through their works, in the affairs of practical public life, and in whatever were the political and moral concerns of their day! Why, these people would degrade the literary man to be a mere teller of pleasant stories, or, at best, a venal writer on the safe side of popular opinion! They would have literature, not what it has always been—the "cheap defence of nations,"—the warning finger pointed at public errors, abuses, wrongs—the instrumentality which effects the moral education of the people—but a vehicle for the conveyance of mere amusement to the populus brain.

Do we object to people being amused? Not at all. But popular entertainment is only one of the functions of literature. Our protest is against persons who would make it literature's sole aim and end. We object with emphasis to any movement that would make the intellectual life of England and America what it has been made in Germany. There, Metternich and the statesmen of absolutism, in order to support their despotism, have turned the whole stream of the German mind into the channels of abstract literature. What has been the consequence? A people so uninstructed in the affairs of State, that they never know how to avail themselves of any opportunity for freedom; an army of scholars, and not one statesman fit to meet a popular emergency; a country hopelessly subjugated;—nobody skilled to govern by that discipline which free participation in political matters can alone give; everything in the hands of the absolutists! Is that the destiny we propose for America? Are we at this day, with such a warning before us, to renounce the right to speak and print what we please, and deny any man's right to a respectful hearing? In a land where parchments ensure the utmost literary freedom, are we to duck and deprecate, and cease to welcome all honest opinions, which ought to be welcomed solely because they are honest opinions, no matter how mistaken we may deem them? Are we to make our literature emasculated and contemptible, after the fashion of old world despotisms? Depend upon it, whenever the liberties of a free people are to be undermined, the first step on the part of the king, or the minister, or the party, that undertakes to do it, is to directly, or through the ignorance and prejudice of the masses, persuade or browbeat or coerce the literature of the people into subservient silence. The only safety for Democratic institutions is a free, vigilant, bold, plain-spoken, public-spirited host of literary men. John Milton is the type of the true man of letters. With one such man, and his right to be heard established, any country is safe. The cities may be deaf to all save the chink of their pence, but the fresh and simple hearts of the yeomanry, uncorrupted by the insanity of towns, will always respond to the voice of a scholar such as Milton was, and throw their weight into the scale against the policy that seeks to betray a free people to its ruin, and to make of a Democratic land a European tyranny!

No; the true literary man has something else to do besides furnishing public entertainment. When the battle is raging around him, he must not sit quietly in his study, and devote himself to "abstract literature." When suffering, neglect, wrong, oppression, disorder and wrong, which mental endeavors can alleviate or remove, are on every side—it is to him, above all others, that the hope of the world turns. He would have been a shabby poet, however gifted, who, when the guns of Concord blazed and rang, and the stormy rattle of the drums sounded from Lexington to Yorktown, sat in seclusion, and wrote an ode to the valor of Leonidas and the Three Hundred. When we arrive at the Golden Age—when the world is made right, and all the stubborn old Malakoffs of sin are in ruins—then we will read with placid delight the authors who do not "meddle" or "interfere" with politics, there being then no politics to need meddling or interference with. But till then we shall prefer to admire the old models, to walk by the old, eternal light, and to respect the literature of the present for its resemblance to the literature of the past, and for its unfaltering fidelity to all that makes literature honorable and remembered.

Therefore we like Dickens, and read "Nicholas Nickleby" with a truer pleasure than we can possibly draw from the "abstract" literary character of that remarkable, yellow covered, national Indian romance, entitled "Shenango, or the Last of the Long Reds," which is the ideal and the delight of so many. And we doubt not that every man who is not hide-bound in intellect, and obdurate of heart, will agree with us in our preference.

THE RAILROAD BANK AT DECATUR, ILL.—A subscriber at Springfield, Ill., writes, under date of September 1st:—

MR. EDITOR: The object of this note is to find out the reason why the stock of the Railroad Bank at Decatur, Ill., is quoted at 5 cents discount? As this Bank is one of the best specie-paying banks in the State, and, under the general banking law, with every dollar of its paper money passing through the hands of the auditor of public accounts, and a dollar in specie paid in for every dollar of paper put out, I am curious to know the reason why it should be quoted at any greater discount than the rest of the banks of the same standing in the State?

All we have to say to the above is, that we quote bank-notes at what they can be sold for, or at their market value, in this city. As to the merits or demerits of any bank in any State, we know little or nothing. As to the Bank at Decatur, we only know that its notes are as represented—why they are so, we cannot say. If the facts be as our correspondent states, it is certainly curious. But there are a great many curious things in what is commonly called *banking*.

NEWSPAPER PERSONALITIES.—The Dayton (Ohio) *Empire* thus notices a contemporary:

The miserable abortion of humanity, who, by accident or design, has been placed in charge of the columns of the *Gazette*, of this city, persists in exhibiting his exceeding love of blackguardism, daily. The creature must have a very foul maw."

To which the Dayton *Gazette* replies:

The cross between a whiskey jug and a monkey, which the *Empire's* evil genius kicked into its editorial chair, and which has stuck to it ever since like a putty calamity, has so adroitly placed itself under the sheltering wings of that Providence which is said to watch over sots and fools, that it seems almost like sacrilege to blackguard it at all. Won't the proprietors of that establishment present us with some subject that we shan't feel guilty in blackguarding?"

This makes one remember the squabble of the Buff and Blue editors in the Pickwick Papers.

CALIFORNIA.—Orders were sent out to the United States officers in California by the last steamship, which are rumored to be adverse to the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. It is reported that the troops on the Pacific will no longer remain neutral, but that their aid will be given to the Governor and other State authorities, in case of any collision with the Committee. That three companies of dragoons have been ordered to California is undoubtedly true, but that the instructions which have gone out are of the character stated, can only be positively known when they are divulged.

A NEW PAPER.—We notice that Wm. S. Porter, Esq., for many years the able and accomplished editor of the N. Y. *Spirit of the Times*, has commenced at New York the publication of a new paper of the same size and character as the old one, which he names "*Porter's* Spirit of the Times." The marked ability and interest which characterized the old "Spirit," are of course the heritage of the new. We wish Mr. Porter all manner of prosperity in his present undertaking.

New Publications.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By ELIZABETH P. PEABODY. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York.

We want to call public attention to the work, admirable alike in conception and execution, which comes to us under the above title. It is a school-book in the highest and best sense of the term; for it belongs both to the teacher and the scholar. Most works of the kind are merely so many pages of class-lessons which the pupil is to master by dint of hard study and retentive capacity of memory, and which the "teacher" has nothing to do with, but hear recited when the unhappy pupil is ready for that ordeal. We say "the unhappy pupil"—and isn't he fitly described by the epithet? We recall our own grapples with the disgustful lessons of our school-days. How unlearnable they were! How they tried us! What headaches and heartaches they cost us! With what despair we found the memory charged only with chaotic fragments of the task after we had given hours to the effort of committal! With what sickness of soul we bent our jagged energies again to the struggle of remembering! How, at last, with palpitating hearts, we came up to recitation before a master who was nothing but an incarnate mark of interrogation! With what desperation we stuttered and stammered our souvenirs of the things we had been poring over, and gave impossible statements of the geography and history of our native land, and knew neither North nor South nor East nor West, as determinedly as any patriot with an eye to the Presidency, and were soundly feruled for not knowing either, as the patriots above mentioned ought to be—ferruled on the palms of the hands by a master who seemed to think that memory existed in that portion of the human anatomy, as the Greeks thought the soul existed in the diaphragm, and that it could be aroused to activity [which certainly was not the fact] by a given amount of irritation and blistering executed with a split rattan! How then, we went into the ignominious retirement of the lobby, or kept an hour after school, to commit the uncommittable lesson, and how it was boxed out of us, or jerked out, or prompted out, piecemeal, on obstetrical principles, at last; or else not, we being in that case degraded into the lower division where the studies were of a less advanced degree. Or, haply, the mnemonic instincts awoke within us, and we learned the lesson by connecting it with the sound of the pentobees, or the look of the words and letters, or some factitious aids of the kind, and having learned it by rote, repeated it by rote, and were checked with school-merits, and held up as a bright and shining example of diligent scholarship to our dismayed and despairing school-fellows who hadn't got the trick, and couldn't get it! Little our proficiency and our praise availed us so far as the retention of useful knowledge was concerned. Like Peter Pindar's razors which were made to sell, our lessons were learned to be recited. Recitation was our Omega. We invariably forgot the lessons a week afterwards. A terrible season was that of the annual examination. Then the School Committee men, great with conscious knowledge, and awful in their brief authority, sat in judgment upon our attainments, and, like the jackasses on the mountain ridge in Burns's Sentimental Journey, viewed and reviewed us. Sharp fellows that knew a thing or two—pompous persons of disgrace—came there to let us know that they knew all that was worth knowing—bound to exhibit their own proficiency at all hazards—and, oh, how much that determination involved for us! They examined and cross-examined us—they altered the forms of the formal queries till we didn't recognize them;—they skipped about among the questions till we were lost in confusion;—they put questions "whither were not in the books," and played us off against themselves in all possible ways. By dint of previous discipline devised for the emergency, some grace of memory, some shrewd and happy guessing, we contrived to stumble through the ordeal; and as the Committee men were always in the comfortable and self satisfied mood consequent from the successful establishment of their own vast mental and scholastic superiority, which was their great point, everything went off to the satisfaction of everybody, the unlucky pupils who had failed to cover their ignorance adroitly, being privately flogged in the lobby afterwards as the crowning feature of the occasion.

Now, so far as the study of the history of these United States is concerned, Miss Peabody's book is a balm to the hurt minds of the scholars. But its great value seems to us to be that it is addressed especially to the teacher. It is not a mere question-book which the instructor may propound queries from, to the discomfiture or puzzlement of the student; it is a system, arranged on philosophical principles, which the instructor must himself master, in order to teach—which he himself, and not the book alone, must teach—which engages his entire capabilities for instruction in behalf of the minds committed to his care. The usual mode of teaching is curiously imperfect. It is a struggle between the class-book and the pupil; the only part the schoolmaster has in it is to sit apart till the recitation-hour arrives, and then, by proposing test-questions, decide which is victorious—the pupil or the lesson!—To call such a functionary a teacher is to misuse language. *He* teaches nothing; it is the class-book. In nine cases out of ten he does not even assist the latter by explaining or simplifying or rendering attractive its contents to the pupil. He merely finds if the student has his lesson; and, if not, sends him back to his seat to struggle with the difficulties of the book again till he conquers, or is conquered by them. The results of such a method of instruction as this is evident in the numbers of men who regularly went to school, and either remember with indifference or disgust the lessons drilled into them there, or have forgotten all about them. Byron's aversion to the classics, because they were flogged into him at Harrow in his boyish days, is familiar to the world. Had the tutor known to render interesting to his charge the tasks of the college, or pursued a judicious mode of instruction, we had not beheld the spectacle, as singular as sad, of the poet, predisposed by nature to love the beautiful, shunning disgustfully in his maturity, the beauty which dowed into verse from the choicest Greek and Roman minds. The same spectacle, varied in a thousand different ways, is seen daily among us, on every side.

Miss Peabody's book, putting the teacher of the branch of knowledge it treats of, in direct *rapport* with the pupil, proceeds to assist the latter in the task of easily memorizing its contents. This it does by aid of a simple system of mnemonics—individualizing each chronological event in history, by associating it with a certain color, obvious to the eye. We have not space at present for a full explanation of this system, which, however, is thoroughly and clearly set forth in the book. But, for instance:—Each section of the history is provided with a printed chart, representing a square divided into one hundred squares; each of the latter representing a year and marked with its own proper date. Any remarkable event which occurred in a certain year is remembered by the student *painting* in water-color a small square of a certain distinctive hue within the square which represents that particular year. Thus the event is *symbolized* by mental and visual connection with a certain peculiar tint. The nationality of the event is represented by a distinctive color; blue being the color for all French events, brick-red for Spanish, orange for American, etc. The system was devised by Gen. Bem, most widely known as one of the Hungarian patriots, but having another reputation as a scholar and scientifician. Miss Peabody has sought to put the system into practical operation. Of its merit we cannot personally speak, never having seen it tested. But we have heard certain teachers of schools, whose opinions we value, testify to its worth, and are therefore disposed in its favor. The principle it involves is certainly excellent. Things are most readily remembered by their connection with certain other things. When we studied geography, we might possibly have forgotten all about the Maelstrom after merely reading the account of its existence; but fortunately the book contained a fine, inspiring wood-cut of that remarkable whirlpool, doubly engaged in the process of swallowing a whale and sucking down a seventy-four, and we never forgot it! It was a case of practical mnemonics.

We cannot leave Miss Peabody's work without saying a word in its favor, as a literary performance. It covers a period extending from the colonization of America by the English, French and Spanish adventurers to the death of General Taylor, in 1850. Of course its three hundred pages cannot claim place beside the fuller works of Bancroft, Hildreth, and other historians. It must be content to give the pith of things. This it does admirably. It is written with great simplicity, power and beauty. Every remarkable or interesting event is presented with a graphic prominence. The narrative is eminently pleasing—often, pictural. We know of no better condensed statement of the process of history in this country than it contains. And, above all, it is not as some books of the same generic class are, a mere formal narrative of what has been enacted in this land; but its statements of facts are so collocated as to develope to the perceptions of the student the continual idea which runs like a golden thread through the woof of American history—the central philosophy around which the events of the national life arrange themselves.

In our view, it is this distinctive character which renders it a book pre-eminently worthy to be placed in the hands of American children. For it is not only a simple and accurate record, but a noble and religious lesson. Bending over its pages, the student learns that "the events which make up the history of the United States have their causal roots in all the ages of times previous to its commencement," and that it is "the flower of the ages that have gone before." He learns that upon his understanding of the principles on which the superstructure of the Republic rests, and upon his individual fidelity to the ideas of Democracy, depend the happiness and endurance of his country, and the advancement of the world. He is taught that "there are two elements in a nation's prosperity; one, the principle of its life; the other, its material wealth: the principle of life in America is THE LIBERTY TO DISCOVER AND OBEY, forevermore, that constitution and those laws of society which legitimately grow out of the destiny God has given to Humanity:" and that "any material advantage which violates this liberty should be refused by the true American, as was frequently done at the period of the Revolution." Warned of the approaching day when he, as a citizen, must act his part in the affairs of the nation, he is bidden always to remember as the guide of his public action, the law of justice and of love. Not to mould the destinies of his country by the model of Pagan governments that disregarded justice and humanity, and fell to ruins for that disregard; but to shape them in obedience to that perfect law announced, eighteen centuries ago, on Mount Olivet, and among the Syrian hills. Always to remember that the humblest fellow being has rights and feelings which government, society, parties, laws or majorities never gave, and cannot rightfully take away. Always to remember that a wrong done to any individual, or minority of individuals, however weak, poor, friendless or despised as it may be, whether perpetrated by private or public means, law, party action, society or government, becomes at once the peculiar business of the American citizen, and calls upon him as its redresser. Never to forget, upon any pretext, for the attainment of any object, in deference to any opinion, that it is the duty of each man to be brave, just, generous, unselfish, humane and meek,—to keep a conscience at all hazards—to mould every public and private action of his life by the inward law—to ask always, "Is it Right?"—to do his own thinking, and not get it done by others—to respect the opinions of other men than himself, other parties than his own, but also to not unhinge by the views of his own party, or other men's parties, or any man's opinion—and always to stand alone upon his personal responsibility, remembering that he is a traitor to the enduring welfare of his country who to gain any present advantage for himself or the majority, aids or consents to the commission of a wrong against the humblest individual, and that each man is directly accountable to God for every action that affects injuriously the happiness of the lowest fellow-being. In a word, to remember that the principles which guide a good man in his private career, must be also carried into his public action; and that the shining quality we call public virtue is but the aggregate of the private virtues of a myriad of men, which are as the atoms to the star.

Such seems to us the spirit of this wise and noble little history; such its moral and its meaning. Would that other histories of loftier pretensions were written in the same strain! Would that the political philosophy it suggests were carved in letters of enduring gold on the architrave of every public building throughout the land, set in the State Arms of every State, blazoned in the Courts, the halls of State legislation, the national Senate chamber, and on the golden shield of the Union—the philosophy which finds an apt expression in the words of Oliver Cromwell which ring down the centuries—"If there be any men who think that the interests of Christianity and the interests of this nation are two separate and distinct things, I pray God that my soul may not enter into their counsels!"

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK; or Practical Receipts for the Housewife. Comprising all the popular and approved methods for Cooking and preparing all kinds of Poultry, Omelets, Jellies, Meats, Soups, &c., &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut street.

A number of good books on this subject have been published lately, but this is unquestionably the best that we have seen. Its superiority is in the clearness and brevity, the practical directness of the receipts; they are easily understood and followed. The book looks like what it is, the ripe fruit of many years' successful practice. The establishment of Mrs. Widdifield has for many years held the first rank in Philadelphia for the unvarying excellence of every article there made; and now she crowns her well deserved celebrity by giving to the world the best book that has been written on the subject of cookery. The clear type in which the publisher presents it is no slight addition to its value.

THE RECENT PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMY. By ELIAS LOOMIS, L.L.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Prof. Loomis has here given us a concise and luminous history of the recent progress of Astronomy, especially in the United States. All additions recently made to our knowledge of the Planetary System, of Comets, Fixed Stars, and Nebulæ are succinctly stated. The condition of astronomical science in this country is also set forth. In brief, the book is a compendium of all phases of the subject.—Its interest and value are unquestionable.

THE STAR CHAMBER. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Ainsworth's last historical novel, and much better than his recent works have been. Whatever criticism may have to say of this author, it must be allowed that his books are always entertaining. The "Star Chamber" has much interest, and abounds with vivid pictures of the cavalier days.

W. B. Zieber has the August issue of the North British Review, and also the London Quarterly. The former contains among other papers, a highly appreciative review of Mr. Motley's fine History of the Dutch Republic. The latter has a very interesting article on Savanarola, the famous Florentine, whose career belongs to the history of civil liberty.

In yon purple sky, an hour too soon,
Like a wedding-bark await
At a Venetian palace gate,
Floated the empty, crescent moon,
Moored at a crimson cloud,—a barge of state
In the sunset's broad lagune. —*T. B. Read.*

☞ A STRANGE POSTSCRIPT.—A merchant who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom:—"Since writing the above I have died."

☞ A lady who had on her upper lip something approaching a moustache lately called on an officer and his wife, whose laughing merry little boy happened to be present at the time. In the course of conversation this little fellow inquired what he must do to get hair on his lip. "Why, rub it against papa's," was the reply. "Oh, mamma," said he, "is that the way Miss ——— has got hers?"

SONNET TO A BABELET.

"Oh! babelet why that tearlet,
A gleaming in thine eyelet,
Thy heartlet—babelet—dearlet,
Should never know a sighlet;
A smilelet on thy liplet,
Should glisten little lovelet,
Of Joy's cup take a siplet,
Don't cry my pretty dovelet."

☞ No country can become great, virtuous, and rich, which produces the necessaries of life with little or no labor. Labor is a condition of prosperity and happiness. Where there is no want, there will be no laboring class; and where there is no laboring class, there will be no progress. Where there is no necessity for industry, there will of course be indolence, and indolence is the nurse of every vice—

"For Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do."

☞ MORMONS NOT LAY-MEN.—Mr. Alexander, of San Pedro, California, while shipping some eggs, was accosted by a rather seedy looking gentleman, who asked him if those were Mormon eggs? "No, sir," was the laconic reply, "these are hens' eggs; Mormons don't lay eggs."

☞ It has been ascertained that the man who held on to the *last* was a shoemaker.

☞ An Irish paper, describing the result of a duel, says: "The one party was wounded in the chest, and the other fired in the air."

☞ An Irish friend of ours, hearing of a gentleman's having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "Be me sowl, and that's a good idee! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

☞ A GENUINE IRISH BULL.—Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

☞ An extract from a letter written by Bayard Taylor to a friend in New York states that Mrs. Browning is about publishing a poem of eleven thousand lines—something entirely new in design—and she feels a little nervous about it. Browning is much pleased with the American success of his book.

THE OCEAN.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weed strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion.
—*Stanley.*

☞ Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.—Our good Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. Childs & Peterson, are nearly ready with the work of Dr. Kane, for the appearance of which public expectation stands-a-tip-toe. We have been permitted to look over a few of the advance sheets, and subjoin, for the delectation of our readers, the following extract narrating perils by Arctic "flood and fell" which make the blood in our veins move quicker as we read and realize:

A BRUSH WITH DEATH.

The next day gave us admirable progress. The ice opened in leads before us, somewhat tortuous, but, on the whole, favoring, and for sixteen hours I never left the helm. We were all of us exhausted when the day's work came to a close. Our allowance had been small from the first; but the delays we seemed fated to encounter had make me reduce them to what I then thought the minimum quantity, six ounces of bread-dust and a lump of tallow the size of a walnut: a paste or broth, made of these before setting out in the morning and distributed occasionally through the day in scanty rations, was our only fare. We were all of us glad when, running the boats under the lee of a berg, we were able to fill our kettles with snow and boil up for our great restorative, tea. I may remark that, under the circumstances of most privation, I found no comforter so welcome to the party as this. We drank immoderately of it, and always with advantage.

While the men slept after their weary labor, McGary and myself climbed the berg for a view ahead. It was a saddening one. We had lost sight of Cary Island; but shoreward, up Wostenholme Channel, the ice seemed as if it had not yet begun to yield to the influences of summer. Every thing showed how intense the last winter had been. We were close upon the 1st of July, and had a right to look for the North Water of the Whalers where we now had solid ice or close pack, both of them almost equally unfavorable to our progress. Far off in the distance—how far I could not measure—rose the Dalrymple Rock, projecting from the lofty precipice of the island ahead; but between us and it the land-ice spread itself from the base of Saunders's Island unbroken to the Far South.

The next day's progress was of course slow and wearisome, pushing through alternate ice and water for the land-belt. We fastened at last to the great floe near the shore, making our harbor in a crack which opened with the changes of tide.

The imperfect diet of the party was showing itself more and more in the decline of their muscular power. They seemed scarcely aware of it themselves, and referred the difficulty they found in dragging and pushing to something uncommon about the ice or sledge rather than to their own weakness. But, as we endeavored to renew our labors through the morning fog, belted in on all sides by ice-fields so distorted and rugged as to defy our efforts to cross them, the truth seemed to burst upon every one. We had lost the feeling of hunger, and were almost satisfied with our pasty broth and the large draughts of tea which accompanied it. I was anxious to send our small boat, the Eric, across to the lummie hill Appah, where I knew from the Esquimaux we should find plenty of birds; but the strength of the party was insufficient to drag her.

We were sorely disheartened, and could only wait for the fog to rise, in the hope of some smoother platform than that which was about us, or some lead that might save us the painful labor of tracking. I had climbed the iceberg; and there was nothing in view except Dalrymple Rock, with its red brassy face towering in the unknown distance. But I hardly got back to my boat, before a gale struck us from the northwest, and a floe, taking upon a tongue of ice about a mile to the north of us, began crawling upon it like a pivot and close slowly in upon our narrow resting-place.

At first our own floe was driven before the wind; but in a little while it encountered the stationary ice at the foot of the very rock itself. On the instant the wildest imaginable ruin rose around us. The men sprang mechanically each one to his station, bearing back the boats and stores; but I gave up for the moment all hope of our escape. It was not a nip, such as is familiar to Arctic navigators; but the whole platform, where we stood and for hundreds of yards on every side of us, crumbled and crushed and piled and jossed itself madly under the pressure. I do not believe that of our little body of men, all of them disciplined in trials, able to measure danger while combating it,—I do not believe there is one who this day can explain how or why—hardly when, in fact—we found ourselves afloat. We only know that in the midst of a clamor utterly indescribable, through which the braying of a thousand trumpets could no more have been heard than the voice of a man, we were shaken and raised and whirled and let down again in a swelling waste of broken hummocks, and, as the men grasped their boat-hooks in the stillness that followed, the boats eddied away in a tumultuous shreed of ice and snow and water.

We were borne along in this manner as long as the unbroken remnant of the in-shore floe continued revolving,—utterly powerless, and catching a glimpse every now and then of the brazen headland that looked down on us through the snowy sky. At last the floe brought up against the rocks, the looser fragments that hung round it began to separate, and we were able by oars and boat-hooks to force our battered little flotilla clear of them. To our joyful surprise, we soon found ourselves in a stretch of the land-water wide enough to give us rowing-room, and with the assured promise of land close ahead.

As we neared it, we saw the same forbidding wall of belt-ice as at Sutherland and Hakluyt. We pulled along its margin, seeking in vain either an opening of access or a nook of shelter. The gale rose, and the ice began to drive again; but there was nothing to be done but get a grapnel out to the belt and hold on for the rising tide. The Hope stove her bottom and lost part of her weather-boarding, and all the boats were badly chafed. It was an awful storm; and it was not without constant exertion that we kept afloat, bailing out the seud that broke over us, and warding off the ice with boat-hooks.

At three o'clock the tide was high enough for us to scale the ice cliff. One by one we pulled up the boats upon a narrow shelf, the whole sixteen of us uniting at each pull. We were top much worn down to unload; but a deep and narrow gorge opened in the cliffs almost at the spot where we clambered up; and, as we pushed the boats into it on an even keel, the rocks seemed to close above our heads, until an abrupt turn in the course of the ravine placed a protecting cliff between us and the gale. We were completely encased.

Just as we had brought in the last boat, the Red Eric, and were shoring her up with blocks of ice, a long unused but familiar and unmistakable sound startled and gladdened every ear, and a flock of eiders flecking the sky for a moment passed swiftly in front of us. We knew that we must be at their breeding-grounds; and, as we turned in wet, and hungry, to our long-coveted sleep, it was only to dream of eggs and abundance.

We remained almost three days in our crystal retreat, gathering eggs at the rate of twelve hundred a day. Outside, the storm raged without intermission, and our egg-hunters found it difficult to keep their feet; but a merrier set of gourmands than were gathered within never surfeited on genial diet.

On the 3rd of July the wind began to moderate, though the snow still fell heavily; and the next morning, after a patriotic egg nog, the liquor borrowed grudgingly from our alcohol flask, and diluted till it was worthy of temperance praise—we lowered our boats, and bade a grateful farewell to "Weary Man's Rest."

☞ What is the difference between great men and their statues? Statues seem greater the nearer you go to them; great men appear less the nearer you approach them.

☞ Hon. Rufus Choate, in a recent letter, speaks of "the glittering and sounding generalities of national right, which make up the Declaration of Independence."

☞ The Russian Miser.—Daniel Dancer, when he had £3,000 a year, used to beg a pinch of snuff from all his friends, and when his box was full, bartered its contents for a tallow-candle. But his parsimonious ingenuity appears contemptible in comparison with that of the Russian miser, who learned to bark that he might avoid the expense of keeping a dog.

☞ If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world, and to benefit your fellow creatures, and if, after all, the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble you have taken, do not be angry and make a long talking about the world's ingratitude; for if you do, it will seem you cared more about the thanks you were to receive than about the blessings you professed to bestow.

☞ There is said to be over two hundred and fifty German newspapers now published in the United States, which is ten times as many as there are printed in all Germany.

☞ There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought; there are others with whom you have to wait long in conversation all the labor of their minds—they talk correctly and monosyllables.

☞ Tom Hudson on Poetry.—Reading makes a full man, writing an exact one, and speaking makes a woman. Young Poetry is certainly a woman, as she is dressed according to the present fashion, and will be made much finer.

Life in Paris.

Capriccs of the Weather Office—Imperial Nonsense—A Literary Windfall—A Sign of the Times—More About Nicholas—A Startling Scene—Reverse of the Medal—A Many-Sided City.

Paris, Aug. 21, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Our brief, fiery summer is being extinguished in violent rains accompanied with thunder and wind, and overcoats and warm cloaks are becoming once more the order of the day. "Hailstones as big as goose-eggs," are also becoming common, at any rate in the reports of newspaper writers. Happily a good part of the wheat was harvested before the storms came on; and there seems little doubt of the crop presenting a fair, average yield.

The Emperor, Empress, and baby, having remained in Paris to witness the fete of last Friday, are off to the Villa Eugenie, at Biarritz, happily restored to its pristine state of rustic splendor so seriously impaired by the floods.

Much astonishment and ridicule have been excited by the appearance of an Imperial "Decree," issued on the 11th of this month, which regulates with ludicrous minuteness, the "honors" that the marines are to pay to the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial, whenever these august personages come in contact with the ships and men of the French fleet. Among other details, it is ordered that the sailors, at three different times during the course of the imperial apparition, shall salute the august visitors with the cry, "seven times repeated" of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "Seven times," says the Decree; neither less nor more! As for the other members of the Imperial family, they are to be saluted with five rivats each, in like manner.

Two enormous volumes, containing 1,200 unpublished letters of Voltaire, collected by De Cayrol, with notes by Alphonse Francois, and preceded by a preface by St. Marc Girardin, have just been published by Didier, and form a valuable contribution to the vast total of the works of that brilliant and prolific writer.

The students of Paris stimulated to the movement by the address of their brethren of Italy to the British Press, have just got up an address to the Editors of the *Presse, Siecle, Estafette, and Revue de Paris*, of this city, thanking them for their efforts in behalf of Italian freedom, and assuring them that "the youth of the schools, which has *lost sight* of none of the objects of its former interest, cannot forget that the definitive triumph of the maxims of the French Revolution is intimately blended with the reconstitution of liberty in every part of Europe." They allude to the part taken by their forefathers in the war of Independence on your side of the Channel, and say, "We send, while awaiting the opportunity of doing something better, a cry of sympathy across the Alps." This document, signed by 200 students, shows the force of the under-current in favor of liberty, which the restrictive *regime* of the present is trying so hopelessly to turn into other channels.

"To return to our muttons" whom we left pent up in the magnificent catacdral of the Kremlin, and gazing on the newly-made Emperor whom all true Russians regard as the visible delegate of Heaven.

After the delivery of the usual addresses, and the accomplishment of the prescribed ceremonial, the Crown and Globe were presented to the Emperor; and at the same instant, the profound silence which filled the Cathedral was broken by the softest and most exquisite music of the organ, with which mingled the rich chanting of the monks, and the answering strains of the best singers of the Imperial chapel, recruited among the finest voices of Europe.

Count Orloff, who has just played so conspicuous a part in the Congress of Paris, stood between the two thrones, holding a crown sword, as the emblem of his courage and fidelity.

The Emperor took off his crown, and held it for a few moments suspended over the head of the Empress, who had placed herself on her knees before him. He then replaced it, with a movement full of dignity, on his own head; and at that moment the *Domine Salvum* echoed through the church, succeeded by the magnificent strains of the military bands, and the roar of the cannon outside. The members of the Court stepped backwards a few paces, and the Emperor knelt on a carpet of green velvet, more richly ornamented than the rest, and offered up a silent prayer in the midst of a dead silence, broken only by the ringing of the bells and the booming of cannon, while the vast multitude within and without the church knelt also, and upwards of a hundred thousand Russians surrounding the Kremlin, silently invoked the blessing of Heaven on him who, in the eyes of the great mass of the Russian people, is not a man, but a demi-god. The Eucharist was then administered to the Imperial pair, the Emperor—according to the custom of the Greek Church, which permits none but reigning sovereigns to receive both the bread and wine—receiving it under both forms, and the Empress receiving the wafer only. The face of the Emperor—who was then one of the handsomest men in Europe, and who was probably as much convinced of the magnitude of his office, and of his being the very nearest of all mortals to the "Majesty of Heaven," as any one among his subjects—was lighted up at this moment, says my informant, with an expression of almost unearthly sublimity and joy.

The Emperor then ascended a staircase, with a firm step, and showed himself from a balcony to the assembled crowd, who rent the air with their cheers. As a great number of political pardons had been granted in honor of the day, the people seemed intoxicated with happiness and gratitude.

He next repaired to the banqueting-room, an immense hall sustained by a single central pillar, where a banquet was served to him according to the old ceremonial of the Court, each dish being presented to him by an officer who knelt before him, and who was escorted by another officer, who marched beside him, sabre in hand. At the moment when the Emperor held out his cup to the Imperial butler, the ambassadors and other grandees admitted to look on, withdrew to a distance from the table while the Emperor drank. This magnificent repast was a very long affair. On its conclusion, the Emperor and Empress went to the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, to visit the ashes of their predecessors, the ambassadors and other grandees retiring meanwhile to the Angular Palace, where a grand reception was then held by the Imperial pair. The city was illuminated in the evening.

At five o'clock next morning the Emperor was on horseback, heading the sham-fight, which was kept up from that hour until four o'clock in the afternoon. Such was the passion of Nicholas for this sort of amusement, that the mock-battle was prolonged, three or four times a week, during the six weeks that followed his Coronation!

Through the whole of this time the bells rang, cannon boomed, and not only Moscow, but all the Empire, gave itself up to rejoicings of every kind. At Moscow, balls, theatres, concerts, spectacles, fire-works, &c., succeeded one another without interruption. The nobility gave a fete, the Imperial Guard gave another, and the city of Moscow gave a third. Each Ambassador in turn gave a fete—the most elegant of all being that of the Duke de Regne, who, to please the Moscow ladies, presented to each of his fair guests, as she entered the ball-room, a superb bouquet, composed of the rarest flowers, which he had caused to be prepared and forwarded, in tin cases, by the famous Paris flower-dealer, Madame Prevost, of the Palais-Royal. And so skillfully had these frail treasures been packed, so quickly and carefully conveyed, that they were as fresh and sweet as when when first gathered, after a journey of fifteen hundred miles. The same gallant nobleman gave a magnificent dinner, the dessert being composed entirely of the finest fruits sent on ice from Paris.

Next in splendor and lavish expense after the entertainment of the Duke de Regne, was the one given by the Duke of Devonshire. But they were all eclipsed by the unrivalled feast given by Nicholas to 4,000 Russian peasants in the vast open enclosure of the Military School, called "The Young Damsels' Plain." A gigantic table was reared in this open space, profusely ornamented with China and silver, and supplied with the most delicious viands in fabulous profusion. Tiers of seats, covered with crimson cloth, were erected around the field, to allow of the curious spectacle being witnessed by a crowd of lookers-on. The Emperor seemed much to enjoy the formidable appetite of these unaccustomed guests—and when the dinner was over, he said, pointing to the remains of the dishes, the silver, and the porcelain,

"My children carry every thing off! All is yours!"

For an instant the peasants were stupefied by the Emperor's words; but speedily recovering their senses, they rushed upon the table, seizing every thing they could lay their hands on, and upsetting one another in their eagerness, with cries and gesticulations impossible to describe. Having cleared the monster table in a twinkling, they rushed in a body to the surrounding benches, and pointing to the cloth that covered them, exclaimed, "All is ours!" and prayed their occupants to leave their seats.—They then began stripping off the cloth with a curious mixture of habitual respect for their "betters," and of a keen greed of gain that could not leave a thread unseized upon. In a few seconds every vestige of the cloth had disappeared, and nothing was left in the vast enclosure but the deal planks of the seats and table.

The renowned tower of Ivan Valikoi, formerly, contained an enormous bell, weighing 300,000 lbs., which bore the name of the Empress Anna Ivanovna, who caused it to be cast. The belfry in which it hung was reduced to ashes in the conflagration of 1700; the bell split in falling, and by its great weight forced itself to a considerable depth into the ground. A circular hollow has been cleared out around it, and a staircase takes down the strangers who wish to visit it.

It is said that when the Cathedral of Vassili-Blagenoi was finished, the Tzar Jean the Terrible, who built it, considered it so beautiful that he caused the architect's eyes to be put out, lest he should ever build another as beautiful to rival it!

The Kremlin abounds in old legends and traditions, which I omit from want of room. The decoration of Moscow on the approaching occasion will be exceedingly splendid; the city is reported by eye-witnesses as being, at the present moment, "a mere forest of scaffolding." The illumination of the Kremlin alone will cost $120,000; the innumerable gilded cupolas of its churches will be surrounded with lines of fire that will render visible every detail of their fantastic outlines. The grand fire-work, which is to be erected in the "*Damsels' Field*," already mentioned as the scene of the peasant banquet given by Nicholas, is said to be as original in its way as was that famous festival. At its close, the national hymn is to be performed by an orchestra composed of the bands of all the regiments of the Guards, to the number of over a thousand musicians; and cannon, communicating with the orchestra by means of electric wires, will perform the office of kettledrums to this imposing mass of harmonious sound. Distinguished actors have been sent for from every quarter of Europe, and a series of brilliant dramatic entertainments are to be given.

In contrast to these splendors and rejoicings, is the fact—almost incredible in this age of publicity and progress—that the four hundred noblemen, belonging to the very highest Russian families, who fell into the hands of Nicholas in the revolt that preceded his accession to the crown, are still, with the exception of those who have already died of the cruel hardships of their lot, buried alive in the mines of Siberia. The fact that a brother of Count Orloff, the bosom friend and most intimate counseller of Nicholas, is one of these unfortunate prisoners, shows at once the utter pitilessness of the late autocrat, and the supremacy of loyalty over fraternal affection on the part of his subjects. As Alexander is naturally clement and liberal, it is hoped that he will profit by the occasion of his approaching Coronation, to extend a general pardon to these victims of a barbarian policy. The intense eagerness and anxiety felt by the Russian nobility upon the subject, may be easily understood; for there is scarcely a noble family that has not to deplore a father, son, or brother, among the prisoners of Siberia. And the gratitude that would be thus excited among the powerful landholders whom Alexander is so anxious to interest in the internal development of the country, would doubtless be the most efficient means he could employ for enlisting them in the carrying-out of his favorite projects.

Let me add, in concluding this notice of the old capital of the Tzars, that Moscow is not only one of the strongest fortresses of the Empire, and the Mecca and Medina of Russian Orthodoxy, but that it is also the great manufacturing centre of Russia. So great is the development already given to industrial energy in this favored portion of the Empire, that recent writers on the subject have computed that, if the other seventy Departments were brought to a level with that of Moscow, the production of the Empire would be midway between that of France and of England. It is also the Russian Athens, the cradle and nursery of Russian literature and art; possesses several Museums, and publishes a large number of newspapers and reviews.

QUANTUM.

☞ The Law of Storms.—The man who, when there is a domestic storm, steps in between man and wife, is as bad as he who, when it's raining violently, walks between two dripping umbrellas, for he gets protected neither by the one nor the other, but, on the contrary, catches it from both sides.

☞ A correspondent of the Petersburg Intelligencer, at the Virginia Springs, classifies the ladies' hoops, as follows:—There is the hoop *shy*, fitted to the size of a very *little* keg—then comes the hoop *modest*, adapted to a quarter barrel—next we have the hoop *confident*, which would suit a half barrel—anon, our attention is claimed by the hoop *pretentious*, whose circumference would barely "keep tight" the staves of a barrel; and lastly, translated in mute amazement, with eyes glaring and mouth agape, we gaze on the hoop *pompous* and *bombastic*, with a circumference sufficient to gird about a 1,000 pounds tobacco-hogshead.

☞ *Blackwood's Magazine* characterizes the assault on Mr. Sumner by Mr. Brooks, as "so unprovoked and atrocious, that we believe the veriest coal-heaver in this country would have scorned to have perpetrated it."

☞ On one of the churches belonging to the colored people in New York, they have emblazoned the peculiarly appropriate words of Scripture, "The people that sat in *darkness* saw a great light."

☞ A young American lady was so much enchanted with the Meinster Thal, in Switzerland, that she exclaimed, "I should like to pass twenty-three out of twenty-four honeymoons here!"

Accident in New York.—As was expected, a large portion of the southern wall of the Broadway Theatre tumbled down on the morning of Sept. 4th, with a tremendous crash, in consequence of the excavation Bowen and McNamee are digging for the foundation of their new store, on the adjoining lot. Fortunately, no persons were injured—the crash having been anticipated, the laborers and others kept at a respectful distance, and the families living in the houses in the rear, all having left the premises. It is feared that the whole structure will come down.

The wall of the theatre presents quite a shattered appearance. The portion of the building which has fallen is that which runs back on the stage. Large cracks, however, are visible in the party wall. The extent already fallen is some thirty feet wide, and of the elevation of two stories, and the foundation. The front wall on Broadway shows a succession of cracks over the windows. Crowds of people continue to gaze on the ruins, and the street is blockaded by lengths of chains, so as to prevent the passage of vehicles.

Important from Kansas—Battle at Ossawatomie—The Free State Men Routed and the Town Burned—Twenty Killed—Governor Geary at St. Louis—Expulsion of Free State Men from Leavenworth—Affairs at Lawrence.

St. Louis, Sept. 5.

Advices from Kansas, believed here to be reliable, state that a battle was fought at Ossawatomie, on the morning of the 30th ult., between a party of 300 Pro-Slavery men, under Capt. Reed, and about the same number of Free Soilers, under Capt. Brown. The fight continued for an hour, when the Free Soilers were routed, with a loss of twenty killed and several wounded. Capt. Brown and his son are both reported among the killed. Five Pro-Slavery men were also said to be wounded.

All the provisions and ammunition were carried away, and the town burned.

Gov. Geary has arrived here, and proceeds immediately to Kansas.

Further advices appear to confirm the reported battle of Ossawatomie, and the burning of the town.—The two parties are said to have numbered about two hundred each. The Free Soilers are charged with having fired first, when the Southerners returned it, killing Captain Brown and his son, and thirty others. The Free Soilers attempted to escape by swimming the river, and a number were drowned.

Chicago, Sept. 5.

Advices from Kansas, via Nebraska, report that the Iowa road is closed by armed Missourians, under the command of Colonel Richardson. One hundred and fifty emigrants were near Nebraska City, having been prevented from entering Kansas. They expected to attempt to force a passage in a few days.

St. Louis, Sept. 5.

Private advices to Tuesday last state that every Free State man had been driven from Leavenworth at the point of the bayonet, and all their property destroyed or confiscated.

Mr. Phillips, the correspondent of the New York Tribune, and his father, had been killed, and their property burned. It is said that Phillips fired from his house and killed two Pro-Slavery men.

Forty of the sufferers arrived here to-day, entirely destitute.

The Jefferson City (Mo.) Inquirer, of Aug. 27th, says:—

"Companies are being raised in nearly all of the counties west of this city, and it is believed there are now, or soon will be, about 5,000 men in Kansas from this State, all, as we learn, to be under the command of Gen. Denigan, who will be elected commander-in-chief without opposition."

The Lexington (Mo.) Express, of August 30th, contains the following paragraph:

"A letter from Col. Anderson, bearing date Aug. 25th, says that the Pro Slavery army at New Santa Fe then numbered about 1,000 effective men, with reinforcements constantly coming in. It was expected that the whole army would move on Tuesday or Friday last, and that they would attack the town of Ossawatomie first, then Hickory Point, and then the town of Lawrence."

The following is given as a correct list of the wounded on the Free State side at the encounter of Franklin and Titus' Camp:

G. W. Smith, Jr. formerly of Butler, Pa.; wounded slightly in the head and leg.

Arthur Gunter, formerly of Boston, Mass.; wounded very dangerously in the breast and chin; case very doubtful.

A. W. White, formerly of Missouri; very dangerously in the arm and breast. (His arm has been amputated since.)

George Henry, formerly of Hartford, Conn.; slightly in the breast.

James N. Velsor, formerly of New York city; a severe shot through the arm.

John Brook, formerly of Mansfield, Ohio; a dangerous wound in the head.

—— Wells; slight wound in the hand.

D. A. Cayton, formerly of Union, N. Y.; a severe wound in the ankle.

George Leonard, formerly of Massachusetts; a slight wound in the back.

Charles Jordan, formerly of Maine; a slight wound in the back.

Samuel Shepherd, formerly of Ohio, a flesh wound in the thigh.

John Crocker, formerly of Massachusetts; a slight wound in the head.

The account of the killing and scalping of a man by the name of Hopper (or Hope) is confirmed by various private letters, one to this city. A letter from Hopper's brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Nute, of Lawrence, Kansas, is published in the Boston Transcript. It says:—

"My brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Hopper, lately from Illinois, and formerly of Somerville, Mass., was murdered, yesterday, near Leavenworth City. He left our house in the morning, to return to Leavenworth, having made us a visit, leaving his wife with us, sick. But an hour since, and the sad tidings reached us. He was shot as he was riding in, and then scalped. On the approach of a team from this direction, the murderer fled, went into Leavenworth, and exhibited, with savage exultation, the scalp, exclaiming, 'I went out for the scalp of an Abolitionist, and I have got one.' This new victim was a quiet, kind hearted young man. He had chosen his home in Leavenworth, because of his reluctance to take part in the contest. He was averse to bearing arms, and was utterly defenceless at the time. This is the third man who has gone out from under our roof, during the last week, straight to his death."

The same gentleman writes as follows to the Springfield *Republican*:

"There is not a single sack of flour or a bushel of meal for sale in the vicinity, and we have at least 2,000 men, women and children to be fed. What shall we do—what can we do, but to fight our way through."

Another Free State man writes:

"A thousand men are said to be in Westport, now, and every town along the border is guarded, so that all our communication with the States is cut off; consequently, all our supplies. This will drive us in a day or two to green corn, new potatoes, a little corn meal and beef. On these we shall not starve, but we have no money to pay for even that, and shall be compelled to take what we find, with a mere *pledge* from the State Central Committee that it will all be paid sometime if we are not blotted out."

A later letter from Leavenworth gives an account of the capture of the Rev. Mr. Nute himself, with twenty others. Mr. Nute wrote that he intended going to seek the body of his brother-in-law, and he was probably arrested in the attempt—as it seems he was taken into Leavenworth. One of the party arrested, a German named Bernerly, in attempting to escape was shot dead. There was also among the prisoners Rev. Mr. Avery, a gentleman considerably advanced in years. He was a newspaper correspondent, and had a diary in his possession. When taken, he endeavored to destroy this, but failed to do so. The Pro-Slavery men discovered it, and sent the owner back to their camp, to be dealt with as they may think proper.

Fight at Ossawatamie—Pro-Slavery Account—Killed and Wounded on both Sides.

From the Glasgow (Mo.) Times of Sept. 5.

We have just received, per steamer Wm. Campbell, an extra from the Western Dispatch Office, dated Independence, Sunday evening, containing important news from Kansas. The letters below were brought in by Mr. Shepherd, of Independence—a reliable man. He also reports a battle had been fought in the direction of Fort Scott, in which thirteen Southern men were killed; its particulars.

The letters from Captain Reid and Mr. Cutler follow:—

"Camp, Bull Creek, Aug. 31.

Gentlemen:—I moved with 250 men on the Abolition fort and town of Ossawatamie—the head quarters of old Brown—*on night* before last; marched forty miles, and assaulted the town, without dismounting the men; about sundset on yesterday. We had a brisk fight for an hour or more, and had five men wounded—none dangerously—Capt. Boyer, Wm. Gordon, and three others. We killed about 30 of them, among the number, *certain*, a son of old Brown, and almost certain old Brown himself, destroyed all their ammunition and provisions, and the boys would burn the town to the ground. *I could not help it.*

We must be supported by our friends. We still want more arms and ammunition—ammunition of all sorts. Powder, bullets, balls and caps in the greatest extremity.

I write in great haste, as I have been in saddle, rode 100 miles, and fought a battle without rest.

Your friend, Reid.

Camp at Bull Creek, Aug. 31, 1856.

Same Engagement—Heavy, and Glorious.

Genis,—Gen. Reid, with 250 men, had a fight at Ossawatamie yesterday. We had four men wounded, Capt. Boyer, of Lexington, Frank Gordon, of this city, Capt. Boyer had his wrist broken. Gordon was shot in the shoulder. Young Jackson, of Howard, was shot in the mouth—badly not dangerously. Gen. Gordon, of Lafayette, shot in the thigh. Young Parker, of Lafayette, was shot in the leg.

The Abolitionists made the attack. We killed 20, and burnt the town.

Some gaining a large number made their appearance near Camp. We expect to have a fight at Prairie City. We then march to Lawrence, where we will have the big fight. We need men and more. There are here now 1,200 men, and about 800 opposite Lawrence that will operate with us.

Brown was supposed to be killed at Ossawatamie. Urge all men to come on.

Yours,

Jas. Cutler.

St. Louis, Sept. 6.

The Democrat publishes the statement of the Free Soilers who arrived in the city yesterday from Kansas. They confirm the burning of Ossawatamie, and say that but fifty Free Soilers were in the town at the time, and that the attacking party numbered four hundred. Several Free Soilers were killed, and several taken prisoners, of whom two afterwards were shot. Mr. Brown and his son were killed. They also confirm the killing of Wm. Phillips, at Leavenworth, by a party of Southerners under Capt. Emery, and the driving out of the Territory of all persons unwilling to take arms against the Free Soilers.

Chicago, Sept. 5.

It is presumed that Mr. Phillips, reported in the despatch from St. Louis, to have been killed at Leavenworth, was one of the firm of Phillips & Brother, merchants in Leavenworth, as the gentleman of that name who corresponds with the New York Tribune, from Kansas, is at present absent from that Territory. [This is correct. The *Tribune* says its correspondent was in New York at the time.]

A correspondent of the New York Times says:—The two brothers Phillips, said to have been murdered in Leavenworth City, are Wm. and Jared Phillips, from Berkshire, Mass. They were young married men of excellent characters, and possessed of considerable property. William, the eldest, was a lawyer, and for protesting against the legality of the election was tarred and feathered a year ago last May. Jared was a farmer.

NEWS ITEMS.

Independence, Mo., Aug. 28.—The mail from Salt Lake has arrived. The news is unimportant. Under the influence of the drought, cold weather, and the ravages of the grasshoppers, the crops were very short.

A man was lately seen walking on the river Seine. He had each foot in a small triangular box, securely fastened with straps round his legs, and he carried a long balancing pole, at each end of which was fastened a large inflated bladder. When getting off his balance, he dipped the end of the pole, and the resistance caused by the bladder touching the water restored him to his equilibrium.

The Last Blockade.—The coast put under blockade by Walker is from one thousand to twelve hundred miles in extent, part on the Atlantic and part on the Pacific, and to enforce it he has one schooner in the Pacific. This is the most absurd attempt to institute a paper blockade ever made. We should not be surprised to hear that some indignant captain in the merchant service had captured and sailed off with his whole navy, as the easiest method of getting rid of its annoyance.

Hides and the Yellow Fever.—Owing to the restrictions imposed by the Board of Health in respect to the landing of hides in this city, the business has become almost entirely suspended. It is said there are at least $300,000 worth of hides afloat in the harbor, most of which have been sold, but cannot be landed, owing to the prohibition. There is no pretence but that they are generally in good order, and come from healthy ports.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Emperor's Pocket Money.—A curious pecuniary detail has come to knowledge in Paris.—Every morning a bag containing 10,000f. was dispatched by rail from Epinal to Plombieres to Louis Napoleon, during his visit there, and "sufficient for the day" would scarcely seem to be the measure thereof; for a person attached to the Emperor's service, who has returned from Plombieres, has stated that at the hour of retiring to rest, his Imperial Majesty never remained in possession of a single sou.

An Incident.—Longfellow's noble "Psalm of Life," says the Boston Transcript, has been introduced into several hymn books, and it must have been gratifying to the gifted author on entering a congregational church in London, some years since, to hear the whole congregation singing his own inspiring words.

One of our exchanges tells us of a man in Texas who, having received a letter, threatening to accuse the former of some crime if he did not pay down a specified sum, proceeded to the writer and shot him dead.

American Clocks.—The clock business is at a pretty low ebb just now. There are only thirteen clock factories now in operation; two years ago there were thirty-two. The largest factories have failed and are stopped. All this resulted through unwise competition. Only 142,000 clocks will be made this year; two years ago there were 600,000 manufactured in one year.

The Water Cure Journal recommends the following practice as sure to cure the worst case of hiccups in less than two minutes: "Hold up high above your head two fingers of your hand, lean back in your seat, open your mouth and throat, as as to give a free passage to your lungs; breathe very long and softly, and look very steadily at your fingers."

A Rich Prize for Mechanical Genius.—Hon. Bronson Murray, in a letter to the Prairie Farmer, published at Chicago, Illinois, proposes to be one of a hundred subscribers to a fund of $50,000, to be awarded as a premium for a perfect steam plough, suited to farm uses and capable of performing the work at an expense in money not greater than the average cost of performing the same work under the present system.

Highway Robbery.—On the morning of the 22th ult., Daniel S. Houghton, an old merchant of Tidioute, Warren county, Pa., was waylaid, tied hand and foot, and robbed of about $2,000 in drafts and money near that town.

Florence Nightingale.—Miss Nightingale, the famous nurse-in-chief to the British army in the Crimea, has returned to her friends in Derbyshire. She has carefully avoided all fuss and ceremony, unlike the other "Crimean heroes," her ovation being of a quieter, more heartfelt and enduring mood.

The fate of the U. S. Mail Steamship Natilus is settled beyond a doubt. She was lost in the great storm of the 7th ult., in the Gulf of Mexico, while on her way from Brazos Santiago to New Orleans. The only person saved was James Erskew, her steward, who has been picked up at sea.

The Charter Oak Perpetuated.—The Messrs. Hovey & Co., of their nursery in Cambridge, have an oak, now about ten feet in height, grown from a cutting from the famous Charter Oak at Hartford, which was recently destroyed by a gale. This oak of the Messrs. H., observes the Gazette, may in time become the counterpart of its great progenitor.—*Boston Trans.*

The Cotton Crop of 1856.—The period has now arrived when special interest is felt in the cotton crop, and when people begin to make reliable estimates of the probable product. Even yet the plant is subject to casualties, such as storms, insects, rot, rust, early frost, &c., which may seriously reduce the crop below what is now promised; but from what has already occurred, and from what is at present positively known, we must conclude that planters will not realize their expectations of a month or six weeks ago.—*Memphis Bulletin.*

A Monster Captured.—Mr. Osborn Fisher, while riding from Bedford to Medfield, yesterday, discovered a large rattlesnake crossing the road. He immediately stopped his horse, procured a stick, and with a few well-directed blows killed it. It was found to have eleven rattles, and measured four feet nine and a half inches long, and seven and a half inches around the middle. These venomous reptiles have for a long time infested the locality, but this is the largest captured for some years.—*Boston Trans.*

Storm at the South.—The North Carolina and Southern Virginia papers mention a severe storm of wind and rain, lasting from the 30th ult. to the morning of the 1st inst. An immense amount of rain fell. Great damage was done to the crops, and as the wind blew violently on the coast, serious maritime disasters are feared. At Goldsboro, N. C., considerable snow fell.

The London Times publishes a remarkable account of an ascent of Mount Ararat, the first accomplished since the days of the prophet. Five Englishmen undertook the task, but four only accomplished it. The height is 17,323 feet above the level of the sea, and 14,303 above the plain. The same party ascended to the crown of the lesser Ararat.

Official advices, received by the last steamer, from Mr. Dallas, give repeated assurances that the treaty relative to Central American affairs is progressing with every prospect of a satisfactory adjustment.

The report that Dr. Blakey, one of the Republican Electors in Kentucky, had been shot by Leon Boyd, is contradicted. Dr. Blakey is stumping the State for Fremont—he is a slaveholder, but opposes the extension of slavery.

A Protestant Convent.—Professor Stahl, it is said, is about to establish a Protestant convent in Prussia. The project affords matter for a very animated conversation in many of the Berlin circles, this being an institution which belonged, until now, exclusively to the Catholic church. The convent in question is to be at once a refuge and an asylum for souls wearied with the affairs of this world and a kind of seminary for youth. It is to be called "The Deaconess."

A Stranger in Boston.—The person who sawed the figure head of Gen. Jackson off from the ship Constitution, twenty-two years ago, is now in the city of Boston. He has never been there since that bold operation. He is now a resident of Virginia.

Raising a Column.—Within a day or two one of the large iron columns, intended to be placed to support the crown of the great dome of the Capitol, has been set up on the roof with the view first to the purpose of estimating as to the strength and fitness of the hoisting power, as well as to give some idea of the appearance of a colonnade from the ground. These columns are twenty-seven feet high, and when arrayed in the circle in their final standing place, it is easy to see, will present a magnificent appearance.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

Hog Epidemic.—At a distillery in Auburn, Ind., hogs have lately died of distemper. One physician prescribed the disease cholera, and an other erysipelas. Five hundred more, which were driven off at the commencement of the epidemic, were fed on buttermilk, and are rapidly recovering.

Destruction by Fire, at Cape Island, of the Mount Vernon Hotel—Nearly an Entire Family Burnt to Death.

Telegraphic despatches from Cape Island, on Saturday last, announced the entire destruction of the Mount Vernon Hotel, one of the largest buildings in the country, which was accompanied by the greater misfortune of the loss of life of Mr. Cain, one of the proprietors, and nearly his entire family. The fire occurred on Friday night about 11 o'clock. The cool weather had depopulated the hotel of its summer boarders, and only the family of Mr. Cain, consisting of himself, two sons, two daughters, and a housekeeper, remained in the building. They slept on the second floor, and the fire breaking out in the lower story, their egress from the building was cut off except by jumping from the windows. The building was entirely of wood, and was raised on piles driven into the sand. Upon the ground beneath the first floor the shavings and strips which had accumulated while building had been left. The fire it is believed, originated among these shavings, near the centre, and it took but a short time to spread over such inflammable materials as composed the building.

The flames darted along the building from wall to wall, through the long saloon over four hundred feet long, and up the high towers, till it presented one vast sheet of fire, that illuminated the surrounding space for miles. There being no efficient means at hand to check such a calamity, the only thing left for the residents at Cape Island was to attempt the removal of the furniture, which as far as possible was done.

The wind blew blazing embers and light shingles to a great distance; but fortunately, no other house on the Island was injured. By one o'clock the building had been entirely consumed, with nearly all its contents.

Mr. Philip Cain, Sen., his sons Andrew and Philip, one 20, the other 18 years of age, his two daughters, Martha, aged 17, and Sarah, aged 13, with Miss Albertson, the housekeeper, aged 33, were the only occupants at the time of the disaster. These were all consumed in the flames. The charred remains of the elder Mr. Cain were found after the fire outside the line of the piazza, and it is supposed that he leaped from the balcony, but was so badly injured as to

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"How we Went to the Bazaar."

I forget now whether it was before or after our visit to Heyda, that we first commenced buying from the Japanese; at any rate, one of the first things accomplished after our arrival among those people, was the extraction of a promise that a bazaar should be got up, and all of their articles exposed, so that we might see with our own eyes what they had for sale, and judge whether we were willing to pay the prices, before the articles were received on board.

It had always been the "Japanese fashion" previous to Commodore Perry's treaty, to *make pretends* of everything that left the country; that is, a strange ship would arrive off one of their ports, and while refusing to let her anchor, they would nevertheless furnish her, free of charge, with all such things as wood, water, provisions, &c., and then order her away. Of course I except in this, the regular vessels of the Dutch, which arrived at Nangasaki twice every year, and with which they traded quite largely, though under certain very degrading requirements at the hands of these latter. For instance: they were confined to their ships, guarded with insulting closeness, and required to be debasingly deferential to their stupid customs, and arrogant officials. And these sycophantic Netherlanders were, and had been since the expulsion of the Jesuits, the *most favored of nations*.

Commodore Perry's treaty, however, having just been signed before our arrival, we now had the liberty, through it, of landing and walking where we would; hence it was to be supposed that we had the right to enter any man's store and purchase that article which most suited our taste and pocket. But as the merchant would in this case receive all the profit, the sleepless policy of that astute government had taken care to introduce a defensive article in the treaty which provided that "Americans should purchase *everything through the officers of the Government*." After which, venders of all ranks and classes, were given to understand that they were not to sell to any American *except through an officer*, upon pain of losing their heads. Thus they had it arranged quite smoothly for the Government, and the revenue thus resulting was at least worth the trouble attendant upon the conception and execution of the idea—which idea amounted to the following plain English:

These Americans (those of Perry's Squadron) know a great deal about China. An American dollar is worth in China, from fourteen to sixteen hundred cash, and a Japanese itzabu* is worth in Japan sixteen hundred cash, also. An American dollar has a little more silver in it than three of our itzabu; so if we can make it, by treaty, equal to only sixteen hundred cash, we can receive them in payment at that rate, pass them through the mint, and, presto! they are divided into three, each of which is worth as much or more than what we received it for.

Now as far as John Smith's brains extend, there is nothing but a very grand rascality and considerable cunning in the conception of the above idea, but it is singular to said brains, that they should have executed it successfully against Yankee forethought, or indeed against ordinary common sense.

How was so great an oversight committed? One asks in vain. We only know from sad experience that *it was* committed, and that the consequence of this depreciated value being attached to our coin results in a duty of *just two hundred per cent.* being paid to the Emperor on all American silver that enters Japan from American pockets, and that we Americans are the ones who pay that duty. And now if the reader will follow me to the end of this article, I will demonstrate how beautifully and surely said duty was collected. Let us return a moment to the commencement, where they promised to "get us up a bazaar."

Singular as the assertion may seem, they for once kept their promise. A large and airy building was erected within a few days of the specified time, was filled with everything that could be collected in Simoda, and opened to the visit of our squadron on the morning of one bright and beautiful day. It was understood that it was to be kept open a week, ten days, as long in fact as we wanted to buy anything; hence most of us attended it the first day simply from curiosity, determined to take our time, attend it daily, and thus lay out our few depreciated dollars to the best advantage.

We made quite a grand display as we landed from our ten or a dozen boats, and formed in marching order under the dense shade of the grand old trees that lined the landing, while two drums and a fife took the head of the column, and enlivened us with both vocal and instrumental music. We were all in uniform, swords and "cocked-up-hats," being the order of the day, and to judge from the great numbers of the fair sex that crowded the streets through which we passed, we came to the conclusion that there were weak heads in Japan also, who like two out of three similar heads in other parts of the world, were too apt to judge birds by their feathers.

And now as we approach the bazaar, let us take a bird's-eye-view of its construction and general appearance.

It was never my fortune to see either a saw-mill or pit in Japan, and yet this building was got up with very *fair pine boards* that had *evidently been sawed*. They were rough and unplaned truly, but then that only let one see that they had been *sawed*, and not *hewn*. The building itself covered about three-fourths of an acre of ground, was perfectly square, some fifteen feet in height, one-storied, and enclosed an immense square court, whose area was probably greater than that of the building itself. Its roof was thatched and sloped towards the court, and it was possessed of but one entrance. In short, it was nothing but four equally long, wide and high sheds, put together so as to form a square, and having a door left in one of said sides near one of the corners. It had, like the spy houses, been built solely for us, and since our arrival, and would, like them, be torn down after our departure. Voila! the outside of the bazaar at Simoda, as seen by the members of the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition, May 15th, 1855, and now for the *inside*.

We entered at the solitary door, and like so many children in a toy shop, with an unexpected supply of pocket money at their disposal, looked around upon the brilliant display, and confused ourselves by wondering which we were to admire most; which we were to pass by, and which to linger over.

Two of the four shed-like sides of the building were divided off into stalls, one of which was furnished to each merchant, to enable him to display specimens of his wares to the best advantage, while the spaces immediately in front of the stalls were covered by the boxes containing the articles of which the contents of the stalls were only *samples*. They evidently expected us to purchase largely, thinking probably that we came as much on a speculating voyage as anything else. Of the remaining two sides, one was vacant, while the other was divided into two small and one large apartments the latter of which was neatly covered with cushion-like matting, and given to us as a lounging place; while the two former were appropriated by the government officials, who had charge of the affair, as an office and spy-room. It is needless to say that the spy-room *joined the gate*; they saw *everything*.

As we passed leisurely from one stall to another, we remarked a great sameness in their general appearance. There was but one which differed materially from the others, and there the difference consisted in its being filled with china instead of lacquer ware. But such china as it was! superior, by far, to the most delicate French porcelain, and infinitely more cheap, in spite of the depreciation of our money.

The other stalls were just like so many "old curiosity shops"—a little of everything Japanese being to be found on their shelves, from the purchase of which the least possible amount of use was ever to flow. Like the porcelain, the lacquer ware was of the most beautiful description, and exceeded that of China as greatly as did said porcelain the most ordinary stone crockery. One piece I remember in particular, the gorgeousness of whose coloring attracted the admiration of every one as he passed it. It was a most happy and truthful imitation of an ordinary "red fish" (such as are caught in the Gulf of Mexico) of some eighteen inches in length, and upon attempting to take it up to examine it more closely, two-thirds of his top-side was lifted off, showing it to be a dish capable of holding a large boiled or baked fish. They told us that it was made to hold such a dish at the feasts of the big-bugs of Japan, and that the lacquer was so fine that hot water exercised no power upon it. And this they said of a great deal of their best lacquer ware, and the truth of their assertion I have since proved at our own mess-table. From what we then and have since observed, we all came to the conclusion that they are infinitely superior to all other nations as far as regards the quality of their porcelain, lacquer-ware, and swords.

Among a number of other articles, all well worthy of a passing notice, we saw umbrellas and rain cloaks, both of them being made entirely of the bamboo plant and a vegetable oil the name of which I now forget. They make paper from the above useful plant, which is as strong and lasting as the best calico, and which, when well oiled, becomes *perfectly water proof*. Expose yourself to an hour's hard rain with one of those hooded cloaks on, or with one of those umbrellas over your head, and you come out of it as dry as you went in. I myself used one of the former on constant boat service during a period of several months, and found them answer admirably, and at the end of that time I drew forth warm thanks from a friend in San Francisco to whom I presented it; it was still as water proof as ever.

There were also a great variety of a species of lithographic engraving, exposed in piles for sale on some of the shelves, of which several of us purchased largely. They did not exhibit any remarkable art, as far as the "getting up" was concerned, but we valued them as specimens of said art, nevertheless. We had heard much of the accuracy of the Japanese pencil and brush, but their lithographs did not argue any great beauty in the originals. They generally referred to Fusi-ya-ma, (their sacred mountain,) to scenes from city and country life, to their various games, to distorted male and female figures, or to public buildings. These latter were apparently truthful, but all of the others partook more of caricatures than of natural appearances, and were undoubtedly calculated to impart an exaggerated and distorted idea of most of the subjects to which they referred: as, for instance:

There was one scene of a trial of strength between two wrestlers, in which they must have weighed (comparing them with the figures of the audience) from seven to eight hundred pounds each, while their surplus fat hung about their huge necks and shoulders like the folds of the skin of the rhinoceros. These fellows were wrestling on the "saw-dusted" pit of an immense amphitheatre, the seats of which were crowded with an admiring audience, while the judges or referees stood off in two separate parties. We bought a great many of these lithographs before leaving, simply from the fact that while we were looking at them orders came from Yeddo to put a stop to their sale. I will state their reason for thus stopping their sale, as well as various other little items in my next letter.

* An oblong silver ingot, worth thirty-three cents.

WHITE SLAVERY IN SCOTLAND.

Lord Cockburn, in the "Memorials of his Times," recently published, speaks thus of the white slavery that prevailed until 1799, in Scotland:—

There are few people who know how that so recently as 1799, there were slaves in this country. Twenty-five years before, that is, in 1775, there must have been thousands of them—for this was then the condition of all our colliers and salters. They were literally slaves. They could not be killed or directly tortured; but they belonged, the serfs of an olden time, to their respective works, with which they were sold as a part of the gearing. With a few very rigid exceptions, the condition of the head of the family was the condition of the whole house. For though a child, *if never entered* with the work, was free, yet entering was its natural and almost certain destination; for its doing so was valuable to its father, and its getting into any other employment in the neighborhood was resisted by the owner. So that wives, daughters and sons went on from generation to generation under the system which was the family doom. Of course it was the interest of a wise master to use them well, as it was to use his other cattle well. But, as usual, the human animal had the worst of it. It had rights, and could provoke by alluding to them. It could alarm and mutiny. It could not be slain, but it had no protection against fits of tyranny or anger.

We do not know much of their exact personal or domestic condition. But we know what their work makes them even when they are free, and within the jealous benevolence of a softer age. We know that they formed a separate and avoided tribe, as to a great extent they *still do*, with a language and habits of their own. And we know what slavery, even in its best form, is, and does. The completeness of their degradation is disclosed by one public fact. The statute of 1701, which has been extolled as the Scotch *habeas corpus*, proceeds on the preamble that "Our sovereign lord considering it is the interest of all his good subjects that the liberty of their persons be duly secured." Yet while introducing regulations against "wrongous imprisonment, and undue delays in trials," the statute contains these words—"And nichilke it is hereby provided and declared that this present act is no ways to be extended to colliers or salters." That is, being slaves, they had no personal liberty to protect.

These facts enable us to understand the hereditary blackguardism which formed the nature of those fixed, underground gipsies, and the mysterious horror with which they were regarded, and which in a certain degree attached to all subterranean laborers.

The first link of their chain was broken in 1775, by the 15th Act of George the Third, chapter 28. It sets out on the preamble that "many colliers and salters are in a state of slavery and bondage." It emancipates *future* ones entirely, that is, those who, after the 1st of July, 1775, "shall begin to work as colliers and salters." But the existing ones were only liberated gradually; those under twenty-one in seven years; those between twenty-one and thirty in seven years; those between thirty-one and thirty-five in ten years. The liberation of the father was declared to liberate his family. And the freed were put under the Act of 1701. But this measure, though effective in checking new slavery, was made very nearly useless in its application to the existing slaves by one of its conditions. Instead of becoming free by mere lapse of time, no slave obtained his liberty unless he instituted a legal proceeding in the Sheriff's court, and incurred all the cost, delay and trouble of a law suit; his capacity to do which was extinguished by the invariable system of masters having their workmen in their debt. The result was that in general the existing slave was only liberated by death.

But this last link was broken in June, 1799, by the 39th George the Third, chapter 56, which enacted that from and after its date "all the colliers in Scotland, who were bound colliers at the passing of the 15th George Third, chapter 28, shall be freed from their servitude." This annihilated the relic.

CAROLINE: A FEMALE KASPAR HAUSER.

In the village of Weiskirchen, some time since, a girl was discovered and brought before the tribunal of Offenbach, in the Grand Duchy of Hessen Darmstadt. This extraordinary stranger, whose stature was that of a full-grown woman, appeared in every respect as totally unacquainted with the world as an infant; she answered all questions put to her in a low, timid manner, and in a language perfectly unintelligible to all persons present, but in which was traced a slight resemblance to the Hungarian. Her whole manner reminded several of those who saw her of Kaspar Hauser, and the question very naturally arose, whether some clever trick was not being attempted to be played off on the credulity of the gook folks of Weiskirchen. This, however, has been entirely refuted in a pamphlet lately published by F. B. Auffarth, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, upon this extraordinary, and, in a psychological point of view, most interesting person, written by Frederich Eck, of Offenbach, entitled, "Die langjahrige unterirdische Haft Zweier Kinder," &c.—("The Subterranean Confinement during many years of Two Children"). The young woman has been taken care of by the corporation of the town of Offenbach, and has received instruction in the German language, religion, &c. The following extraordinary facts have been communicated by her to her instructor. When a child about four years old, she was separated from her mother, who resided in a castle with three towers, probably in Hungary. For fifteen or sixteen years from this period up to the time of her discovery, she was confined in a subterraneous chamber or cavern in a forest, where she lived without receiving any kind of instruction. At the end of this time she was brought to Aschaffenburg, and left in a most helpless state, and found in Weiskirchen perfectly destitute, and subsequently brought to Offenbach where she now is, and is known as Caroline. During her long confinement in her subterraneous dwelling, Caroline was brought up and kindly treated by an old woman called Bertha. A man, who went by the name of Eleazer, supplied both Bertha and Caroline with necessary food and clothing during the whole time of her imprisonment. When she had passed seven or eight years of her underground existence, a boy of three or four months old, called Adolf, was brought one day, and was in the like manner concealed, and brought up in the way that she had been.

In October, 1853, Bertha left the cavern with Caroline, and brought her in a carriage with two horses to Aschaffenburg, where she deposited her as related. Adolf, Caroline's unfortunate companion, was left behind in the forest, where he is most likely still hidden.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

BY RICHARD EDWARDS,

A Court Musician and Poet, 1523-1566.

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in nursing at her breast.

She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smiled;
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Then took I paper, pen and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight in place whereas she sat;

And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and swore by God above,
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

"I marvel much, pardie," quoth she, "for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.

"Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out."
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Resistance to Improvements.—It was the physicians of the highest standing that most opposed Harvey. It was the most experienced navigators that opposed Columbus' views. It was those most conversant with the management of the Post Office that were the last to approve of the plan of the uniform penny postage. For the greater any one's experience and skill in his own department, and the more he is entitled to the deference which is proverbially due to each man in his own province, the more likely, indeed, he will have to be a good judge of improvements in details, of even to introduce them himself; but the more unlikely to give a fair hearing to any proposed radical change. An experienced stage coachman is likely to be a good judge of all that relates to turnpike roads and coach horses; but you should not consult him about railroads and steam-carriages. Again, every one knows how slowly and with what difficulty farmers are prevailed on to adopt any new system of husbandry, even when the faults of an old established usage, and the advantage of a change can be made evident to the senses.—*Archbishop Whately.*

Ministerial Delicacy.—Anne de Gonzague was dead; and Bossuet was to write the funeral oration. Anne de Gonzague had begun life with all kinds of debaucheries and impieties; and then had been converted by a dream. It was this dream that puzzled Bossuet, for there were a fowl and chickens in it! It would be terrible to mention a fowl from the pulpit. Still, it was impossible to leave the dream out! Bossuet told the story; but with how many precautions! preparing the way at a distance, excusing himself, and throwing all the blame on God, "who makes known His truths in the manner and form He pleases." Then he ventures to begin the description of the dream:—"She sees appear—" but here he stops; God does not appear to him to be a sufficient authority. Happily, he remembers that Christ compared Himself to a fowl. He hastens to call this to mind:—"She sees appear—*that which* Jesus Christ has not disdained to give us as the image of His tenderness." Thus supported, having God on his right and Christ on his left, Bossuet dares to confront the word *fowl*.

The Most Beautiful Hand.—Two charming women were discussing one day what is it which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent, the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented to him, which, by the way, he had the cunning to hold for some time in his own for the purpose of examination, he replied at last, "I give it up; the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand which gives."

THE MIRACLES OF KINGS IN OLD TIMES.

In his History of England, Mr. Macaulay gives us a rapid sketch of an ancient and royal practice now long abrogated. The ceremony of touching persons afflicted with scrofula had come down almost unaltered from the darkest of the dark ages to the time of Newton and Locke. The Stuarts frequently dispensed the healing influences in the banqueting house. The days on which this miracle was to be wrought were fixed at sittings of the privy-council, and were solemnly notified by the clergy in all the parish churches of the realm. When the appointed time came, several divines in full canonicals stood around the canopy of state. The surgeon of the royal household introduced the sick. A passage from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark was read. When the words, "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover," had been pronounced, there was a pause, and one of the sick was brought up to the king. His majesty stroked the ulcers and swellings, and hung around the patient's neck a white ribbon, to which was fastened a gold coin. The other sufferers were then led up in succession; and, as each was touched, the chaplain repeated the incantation—"They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Then came the epistle, prayers, antiphonies, and a benediction. The service may still be found in the Prayer-books of the reign of Anne. Indeed, it was not till some time after the accession of George I., that the University of Oxford ceased to reprint the Office of Healing together with the Liturgy. Theologians of eminent learning, ability, and virtue, gave the sanction of their authority to this mummery; and, what is stranger still, medical men of high note believed, or affected to believe, in the balsamic virtues of the royal hand. We must suppose that every surgeon who attended Charles II. was a man of high repute for skill; and more than one of the surgeons who attended Charles II. has left us a solemn profession of faith in the king's miraculous power. One of them is not ashamed to tell us that the gift was communicated by the unction administered at the coronation; that the cures were so numerous, and sometimes so rapid, that they could not be attributed to any natural cause; that the failures were to be ascribed to want of faith on the part of the patients; that Charles once handled a scrofulous Quaker, and made him a healthy man and a sound churchman in a moment; that, if those who had been healed, lost or sold the piece of gold which had been hung round their necks, the ulcers broke forth again, and could be removed only by a second touch and a second talisman. We cannot wonder that, when men of science gravely repeated such nonsense, the vulgar should believe it. Still less can we wonder that wretches tortured by a disease over which natural remedies had no power, should eagerly drink in tales of preternatural cures; for nothing is so credulous as misery. The crowds which repaired to the palace on the days of healing were immense. Charles II., in the course of his reign, touched near 100,000 persons. The number seems to have increased or diminished as the King's popularity rose or fell. During that Tory reaction which followed the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, the press to get near him was terrific. In 1682 he performed the rite 8,500 times. In 1864, the throng was such that six or seven of the sick were trampled to death. James, in one of his progresses, touched 800 persons in the choir of the cathedral of Chester. The expense of the ceremony was little less than $50,000 a year, and would have been much greater but for the vigilance of the royal surgeons, whose business it was to examine the applicants, and to distinguish those who came for the cure from those who came for the gold.

William had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed, when he heard that, at the close of Lent his palace was besieged by a crowd of sick. "Give the poor creatures some money and take them away." On one single occasion he was importuned into laying his hand on a patient. "God give you better health," he said, "and more sense." The parents of scrofulous children cried out against his cruelty; bigots lifted up their hands and eyes in horror at his impiety; Jacobites sarcastically praised him for not presuming to arrogate to himself a power which belonged only to legitimate sovereigns; and even some Whigs thought that he acted unwisely in treating with such marked contempt a superstition which had a strong hold on the vulgar mind; but William was not to be moved, and was, accordingly, set down by many High Churchmen, as either an infidel or a puritan.

☞ A lady was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarrelled, and each considers the other most at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" Her answer was, "The best-hearted and wisest of the two."

A GHOST STORY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—I believe that the following may be of interest to your numerous readers, and I know that the circumstances have never been published. I wrote them down, and if you think it proper you may publish it.

In the year 1826, at Bishopville, South Carolina, Capt. William Sumter (a grandson of Gen. Thomas Sumter) committed suicide, and was buried at the Baptist church yard, about 1½ miles from Bishopville. His grave is about ten steps from the public road, leading from Bishopville to Sumterville. In a few weeks after this, William Bateman, a man of great courage, and not superstitious, was riding from Bishopville to his home (about three miles off) and as he passed by Capt. Sumter's grave at about 12 or 1 o'clock in the night, the moon shining brightly, he informed me (the next morning) that Capt. Sumter arose from his grave and came to him, and placed his hand on his stirrup, and walked in this way with him for about 150 yards, and just before he disappeared he informed Bateman it was his time next. In a few days after this, a man by the name of James B. Reaves shot Bateman, giving him a mortal wound, which did not terminate fatally for two or three weeks. Bateman managed to ride from Reaves' house to the house of Moses Rountree, and when he arrived there, sent for Doctor Bishop and his brother John Bateman, the latter at that time overseer for Doctor Bishop; and although W. Bateman's house was much nearer than Bishopville, he requested to be taken to the latter place, which was done, and he died at his brother's house at Bishopville. I was acting as a magistrate at that time, and as there was no witness present when Reaves shot Bateman, I thought it proper to take his dying confession, as it would be good evidence, and a few hours before his death I took down his statement; and as the circumstance of his seeing Sumter occurred to me, I asked him to give me a statement again, and he said it was as he stated before, and that he was not mistaken; he observed to me that it was not imagination, and said don't you see that it has happened as he told me.

Union Church, Mississippi. W. H. B.

THE SNAKE CATCHER.

When the great Napoleon was in Egypt, he determined to ascertain as much as possible about the habits and customs of the people, and among the rest, interested himself in the practice, so common among the Egyptians, of snake-charming or snake-catching. One day he sent for one of these snake-catchers, and said to him, by means of his interpreter, "There is a serpent in this house; if you find it, you shall have two sequins for yourself, and two for your men."

The man having prostrated himself, called for two buckets of water. As soon as they were brought, he undressed himself, then filling his mouth with water, and creeping on his belly like the reptile he sought, squirted it through his teeth, so as to imitate the hissing of a serpent. Having crept in this manner through the ground-floor, he placed himself before Napoleon, and said, with a savage laugh, "Mafiche, Mafiche;" which means "there is one." The General also laughed, and said, "how is this? Is the fellow, in good earnest, able to tell?" He then ordered the interpreter to explain clearly that the reptile had been seen. "I know it," replied the fellow, "I smelt him as I entered the house." "Here we are," said the General-in Chief, "the acting is now going to begin. Well, let the serpent appear, and I will give thee two sequins more."

The man immediately commenced creeping, and squirted water on all sides. He ascended in the same manner a staircase leading to an upper story, occupied by Bourrienne. A long, dark corridor opened into several apartments. It was lighted by a skylight at the further end, which gave a view of the country, and at the bottom of the skylight was placed the water fountain, this spot being the coolest in the house. The opening itself was sufficiently large to give, from the other extremity of the corridor, a view of the beautiful blue Egyptian sky. On attaining the landing place of this corridor the juggler passed, and betrayed emotion. He was closely followed by the General-in-Chief and a number of officers, attracted by curiosity. The General did not lose sight of the fellow an instant, and was determined, if he discovered the least trick, to take him in the act. On seeing him shudder and close his eyes, "the man is beginning his part," said the General to Junot. And in truth, the snake-catcher was in the most extraordinary state. Habitually pale, as all swarthy skins are, he became every moment paler. He called for more water, washed his body, squirted and hissed as before, but produced another kind of hissing. He looked on each side of the landing place, made a sign with his hand to keep silent, and, still creeping upon his belly, advanced to the outside corridor, which was the darkest part of it. In a short time, after squirting his mouthful of water, he exclaimed in a low tone, "there he is!" "I should be delighted to do him the honor of hospitality," said the General-in-Chief. "But, my friend, I suspect thou art laughing at us. Do you know that this rascal, with hissing, has been making fools of us for the last hour, in forcing us to run, without umbrellas, after the imaginary serpent?" The snake-catcher continued to hiss and creep. On a sudden, a black and round body, resembling the branch of a tree, appeared in relief upon the pure azure, which was visible through the skylight. It was a handsome serpent, real, alive, and about six feet long. At this sight, the fellow redoubled his hissing and squirting, and the serpent, after uncoiling itself from around the fountain, hissed in its turn, but its note was much more piercing.

The eyes of the reptile shone, in the sombre corridor, with a blood-colored flame. It glided along the fountain, and stopped; then a slight noise was heard; it was the reptile rising upon its tail. The snake-catcher could not do the same, because he had no tail; but he raised himself half up, and made a slight motion. In an instant the reptile darted at him. He was waiting for this attack, and at the very moment it was made, caught the animal with one hand round the throat which he squeezed with such violence as to force open his mouth, into which he spat. The effect was magical: the reptile seemed to have received his death blow. The man afterwards extracted his fangs, or rather the venom contained in small vesicles attached to its jaws. He then played with it, made it dance, and put it round his neck. "The snake-catcher," said Napoleon, "is a lucky charlatan."

Is the Sun Inhabited?—Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the sun:—"So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered as a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschel as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deducible from his own observations on the structure of the sun."

☞ In England, it appears that the hangman is carried about for a show! The Bradford (Eng.) Observer, states that Smith, the executioner of William Palmer, is to be "exhibited" at the forthcoming Lord's Fair.

AN ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

I saw them last . . . . .
When all the air with autumn heat was sweet,
And the long roads in white and glowing heat,
Strait as a track by which a bird hath flown,
Linked all the peasant land from town to town;
When the vine garlands hanging from the eaves,
Cast the sharp shadow of their dainty leaves
On the hot wall, and nothing broke the hush
Save small birds twittering from bush to bush,
Or women singing at the cottage doors,
Or wagons passing with their sumptuous stores;
When little lizards lazily would crawl
Among the melons ripening on the wall,
And the bold urchins with their great black eyes,
In cool nook sheltered from the scalding skies,
Curled up in idle comfort.—*Bayard Taylor Parker.*

Influence of Machinery on Working Men.—Hand labor is in many particulars dependent on weather and season. Men have a flush of work and a flush of means, alternating with idleness and starvation. Their improvidence leads to misery. Machinery, which enables work in all weathers, provides uniform employment, and induces uniform industry and constant comfort. Take brickmaking as an illustration. Mr. Chamberlain in his paper before the Society of Arts referred to this very point. He says, "I cannot refrain here from mentioning what an injurious effect the present system of handmaking has on the habits of the men. The brickmakers (that is the moulders and their attendants) men and lads, are throughout the kingdom employed at their trade only during six or seven months in the year, except where bricks are artificially dried, in the neighborhood of collieries. In the winter season the bricks would be destroyed by frost, neither could they then be dried. They therefore work early and late; and from their having no winter occupation, and on account of their dirty and laborious work, they have such a price per thousand as to compensate them. The result is generally, among this class of men, that although they are so well off in the summer time, they spend all they earn, leaving the winter to provide for itself. At that season, when they require most to sustain both themselves and their families, as well as fuel, they have nothing to fall back upon, and in too many instances no employment; for as they earn so good wages in the summer, they do not willingly come down to the price of ordinary labor. These are the men whom the introduction of machinery will affect."—*English Paper.*

☞ At the late accident at Hooksett, N. Y., a gentleman was sitting with two children in the second car, which was almost entirely demolished.—After the confusion had somewhat subsided, he appeared with them unharmed; and in reply to an interrogatory as to how he saved them, he said he "*threw them both out of the window.*"

Useful Receipts.

Cure for Lockjaw in Horses.—Bleed the horse in the third bar of the mouth, and drench with strong salt water. This method has been known to be successful when all others have failed.

Liver and Bacon.—Perhaps of all the dishes that are cooked in private families, there are none more spoilt than this; which is no doubt the cause of its not being so great a favorite as it ought to be. To two pounds of liver have one pound of bacon. Cut the bacon into slices a quarter of an inch thick; fry them gently; then have the liver already cut in slices, slant-ways, half an inch thick, upon which has been sprinkled, for one hour before cooking, some chopped parsley and a small onion chopped fine, a very little nutmeg, pepper, and salt. When the fat is quite hot put in the liver, turn it over often, and cook as quickly as possible, by which the liver will be light and very digestible; it should be served as quickly as possible. When the liver is done, pour some flour and water into the frying-pan until it forms a thick gravey, and strain it over the liver, and serve. The great point is the quickness with which the liver is done.

Chilblains.—To cure chilblains, simply bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes have been boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment, indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords almost immediate relief. In the more advanced stages, repetition prevents breaking out, followed by a certain cure; and an occasional adoption will operate against a return, even during the severest frost.

To Preserve Herbs.—All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day, just before, or while in blossom. Tie them in bundles, and suspend them in a dry, airy place, with the blossoms downwards. When perfectly dry, wrap the medicinal ones in paper, and keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves of those which are to be used in cooking, pound and sift them fine, and keep the powder in bottles, corked up tight.

To Prevent Colors From Running.—To prevent the colors from running in washing muslin dresses—take out all the gathers at the top of the sleeves and waist, quickly wash it in warm, *not hot* water, rinse it immediately, then roll it in a dry sheet, and let it remain till just damp enough to iron.

An Excellent Cement.—Five years ago, we applied a cement composed of white lead paint, whiting, and dry white sand, to a small tin roof that looked like a sieve; it soon became nearly as hard as stone, has never scaled off, and has kept the roof, since then, perfectly tight. It was put on about the consistency of thin putty.

Slaters' cement for stopping leaks around chimneys, is composed of linseed oil, whiting, ground glass, and some brick dust. It is a good cement for this purpose; also for closing the joints of stone steps to houses.—*Scientific American.*

To Pickle Artichokes.—Gather young artichokes as soon as formed; throw them into boiling brine, and let them boil two minutes; drain them; when cold and dry, put them into jars, and cover with vinegar prepared thus:—Spice your vinegar with ginger, mace, and nutmeg; put the spice and vinegar into a jar, bung it down tightly, tie a bladder over, and let it stand by the fire for three or four days, well shaken three or four times a day; the idea is to *heat* the vinegar, gradually and thoroughly, but it must not be suffered to boil. When your vinegar is thus prepared, pour it *while hot* over your artichokes already cold and dry in the jars.

Artichoke Bottoms.—Get full-grown artichokes and boil them, but not so much as for eating, but just until the leaves can be pulled; remove them and the choke; in taking off the stalk, be careful not to break it off so as to bring away any of the bottom; it would be better to pare them with a silver knife, and leave half an inch of tender stalk coming to a point; when cold, add vinegar and spice the same as for artichokes.

Pepper-Pot.—Cut in small pieces four pounds of tripe, put it on to boil in as much water as will cover it, allowing a teaspoonful of salt to every quart of water. Let it boil three hours, then have ready four calves feet, which have been cressed with the skin on; put them into the pot with the tripe, and add as much water as will cover them; also four onions sliced, and a small bunch of sweet herbs chopped finely. Half an hour before the pepper-pot is done, add four potatoes, cut in pieces; when these are tender add two ounces of butter rolled in flour, and season the soup highly with cayenne pepper. Make some dumplings of flour and butter, and a little water—drop them into the soup; when the vegetables are sufficiently soft, serve it. The calves feet may be served with or without drawn butter. Any kind of spice may be added. If allspice or cloves are used, the grain should be put in whole.

GENIUS DEAD.

No heart for him! his light was cut from light;
From earth to heaven his spirit went and came,
Seeing, where'er he saw the blank, black night,
The golden breaking of the day of fame.

Tried by the distaff, and worn,
Dust has returned to dust, and what ye see
Is but the ruined house wherein were borne
The birth-pangs of his immortality.

Hither and thither drifting dreamily,
The glory of serener worlds he won,
As some strange shifting column of the sea
Catches the standard splendor of the sun.

What was your shallow love? or what the alarm
Of smiles that chastened and accident could chill,
To him whose soul could make its mate a dream,
And wander them, in the universe at will?

When your weak hearts to stormy passion woke,
His, from its loftier bent unevenly stirred,
As is the broad green bosom of the oak
By the light dallier of the summer bird.

His joys, in realms forbidden to you, he sought,
And bodiless servitors, at his commands,
Hovered about the watch-fires of his thought
On the dim borders of poetic lands.

The times he lived in, like a hard, dark wall,
He crudely painted with his woes and wrongs—
Come nearer, friends, and see how brightly all
Is joined with silvery mortises of songs.

Weep for yourselves herein, but not for him;
Wrong reaches to the compensating right,
And clouds that make the day of genius dim,
Shine at the sunset with eternal light.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHANGES.

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but yet it burneth;
Love repulsed, but it returneth.

—*Shelley.*

Wakefield returned no more that evening. As he had often spent his evenings out, his absence excited no remark. But the next morning he made some factitious excuse of alleged necessity to withdraw from the house to lodgings farther down town.

It was within an hour after Wakefield's departure, that Vivia entered the little room over the front story that had been fitted up as a temporary study, and where the young proprietor now sat reading. She approached the table, and resting her hand upon it, inquired,

"Dear Austin, are you not in correspondence with Professor Rothsay, the President of the Newton Lyceum?"

"Yes, my dear Vivia," he replied, rising and offering his fair visitor to a chair.

"And is he not making arrangements for a course of lectures upon various subjects, by various lecturers?" inquired Vivia, sinking into the offered seat.

"I believe so," replied the young man, resting his hand upon the back of her chair, and bending downward to listen with that reverential attention he always gave to Vivia.

"Well, dear Austin, I wish you to write to Professor Rothsay, and propose Wakefield. He has all the gifts of a successful public speaker. He would make a brilliant and popular lecturer."

"Ah! Wakefield thinks of taking up this sort of thing, then?"

"No, I do not know; but he will not seek such engagement, I feel sure; consequently he will not get one unless it is offered him. And yet it is the best adjunct to his literary life. Therefore please do I request. Name Wakefield to Professor Rothsay; let the proposal come from that quarter; Wakefield will accept; and this arrangement will open to him the way for other engagements of the same sort."

"Very well, my dear Vivia, your will shall be done this hour; but—as what class of lecturer would you have me recommend Wakefield, for instance?"

"I scarcely know any branch of knowledge that Wakefield could not illustrate. Upon many subjects he could speak well; upon some profoundly as lastly—the present and future of the East for instance; the same subject that he has treated, but exhausted in his book."

"Very well, my dear Vivia; I shall write of him as he deserves, and as you desire."

"I thank you from my heart, Austin."

"Ah! you are too emphatic."

"True, indeed! it is as if you never were kind before—whereas this is but an atom in the world of kindness to me," said Vivia, as she rose to leave the room. Her voice was faint—that Austin perceived already; but as she left her chair and stood, the full light of the single window fell directly upon her face and figure; and Austin saw and started.

"My dearest Vivia! why, Vivia! no! do not turn away. What is the matter with you? Your cheeks are pale; your eyes are languid; your voice is hollow! you are going to be ill!"

"I never was ill in my life, dear Austin! Don't be concerned!"

"Vivia! what is it, then? tell your brother," he repeated, looking tenderly in her face.

"I want a change; and I shall have it; don't be concerned for me, dear Austin!"

"But, Vivia—" he persisted, still holding her hand.

"Dear Austin, you know that I can take care of myself."

"In health! yes, but in sickness?"

"Wakefield—oh! yes, you promised to name him to the President."

"Vivia," said Austin, growing more and more disturbed, "you are very pale, and yet you have fever. Go to your room, and let me send for a physician."

"'Physician, heal thyself,' you had best say to me! I have healed many—have I not, my brother? have upheld many weak hands, strengthened many feeble knees,' healed many sick hearts and sick minds; myself shall I not heal?"

"Vivia! let me attend you to your chamber, and then Dora to you."

"No, no, I am not ill; really I am not, Austin; come! to content you, I will promise that if I am not perfectly well this afternoon, you may order me to bed and bring the doctor," said Vivia, withdrawing her hand, and turning to depart.

"Very well! You have over-ruled my judgment, and but I shall hold you to your promise."

"And I you to yours."

"But as for that, it is needless, I am about to keep it now."

"Good-morning."

"Take care of yourself, my dear Vivia; good-by," said Austin, as he handed her through the door and reluctantly relinquished her hand.

She went immediately to her own apartment with the intention of seeking solitude for self-communion and rest. Nevertheless, she was not displeased on opening the door, to see Theodora enthroned in her only lounging chair.

Theodora sat with her head averted and bowed down, and her chin supported on the palm of her hand, while the wavy brown hair slipped from the comb, rippled down to the dimpled elbow that rested on the arm of the chair. The black dress that she wore, without having any real connection with the subject of her despondency, helped its effects. Vivia thought that she had never seen a living picture lovelier or more graceful, than that formed by Theodora then.

Theodora was desponding, weeping, and seeking strength and comfort; therefore she was abundantly welcome.

"Well! what is the matter now, my dear?" inquired Vivia, approaching and putting her arms around her protegee.

Theodora started up and threw herself upon the bosom of her protectress, crying, in a plaintive voice—

"Oh, Vivia! I have been waiting for you more than an hour."

"Well, I am here, dear—tell me what ails you?"

"Oh, Vivia, I am so unhappy."

"I can see that."

"Dear Vivia! please let me leave this house! please find me some little place of my own, where I can live and paint my pictures in peace."

"Yes—I will; do not disturb yourself," said the lady, sitting down and drawing the weeping creature within her embrace.

"Oh, Vivia! you do not know how embarrassing, how distressing it is to me to remain here."

"Yes, yes, I know. I had hoped better things from Helen; I had believed that with all her faults, she possessed a high, generous heart—incapable of such poor jealousy."

"Of me, too—"

"Of you, whom she *supplanted*; yes, but that makes it all the more natural and likely—a usurper never feels secure—it is a part of their retribution."

"But she *is* secure! she has him for whom she dishonored her soul's integrity—as fast bound as church and state can bind him; she knows that nothing but death can deprive her of him! why then, does she grudge the brotherly kindness that is so grateful to one so lonely as I am?"

"And so lovely?"

"'Lovely'—do not mock your poor Dora, Vivia!"

"And I do not. Yes, you are lovely, my little Theodora. You have just the sweetest, holiest, most spiritual little face I ever saw. Do you not know it, dear? No, indeed you do not. Well, I tell you because the knowledge will not hurt you, little humble-minded one! As for Helen! yes, she is as secure as church and state can make her, of Austin's hand, and name, and fortune; of his heart, she is secure as far as his reason and conscience can control that heart, and no farther, and that is the very ground of Helen's uneasiness."

"Ah, what had she to fear from his interest in a poor little lame girl? what interest could I inspire even in the heart of a former lover, save only compassion?"

"Usurpers tremble with or without a cause; but we will talk no more, and think no more of this, dear Theodora. I perceived your embarrassment, and have provided for it."

"You have thought of a home for me then?"

"I have thought of a voyage."

"How! of a voyage?"

"Yes, dear Theodora."

"Where shall you go then?"

"*We* shall go to Europe, for I intend that you shall accompany me—we shall go to Germany and to Graefenburg."

"We, *I*, to Graefenburg, Vivia?"

"Yes, my dear. Theodora, have you lost all hope of curing your lameness?"

"Oh, yes, long since! do you not know the decision of the doctors forbade hope?"

"They were wrong and so are you. There is a mode of cure, and you shall test it. You shall be restored, Theodora."

"Ah! if I could dare to hope it!"

"There is a peasant in Germany whose body was so crushed and broken, that the physicians resigned all hope of restoring it—then the peasant undertook his own cure and accomplished it. Since which he has cured thousands of all manner of diseases. This magician is called Preisnitz; his spell is *faith*, his agent *water*, his place Graefenburg. And to Graefenburg and to this magician we will go," said Vivia cheerfully. And then to Theodora's wondering looks she replied by giving a detailed account of the rise and progress of Hydropathy, at that day almost unknown in the United States. "While in Europe," continued Vivia, "we went through Germany, and visited Graefenburg. It was while witnessing the wonder-working effects of the water-cure that I thought of your case, abandoned by the allopathic physicians. We will go thither, and remain months or years if necessary, for it is but a question of time—until you are restored."

There were too many agreeable, not to say delightful elements in this proposed journey, not to meet the eager assent of Theodora. To travel, to cross the ocean, to see the shores of the old world, to go up the Rhine, to see Germany, to stay at Graefenburg, and be restored to perfect health, then to visit all the old cities of the arts, and gaze upon the master-pieces of the old painters and sculptors that had haunted her imagination through many a night and day of dreaming. All these seen in the poetic light of youth and genius presented multitudinous subjects for delightful thought.

The arrangements for the voyage were then discussed, and the time of their departure fixed for the first of April.

The next day Vivia entered the study of Austin, to inform him of the purposed journey. Austin was seated in his customary leathern chair, at his reading table, engaged in the perusal of a letter that he held in his hands. On seeing his visitor he arose, handed a chair, and smilingly offered her the epistle, saying,

"I have just received this from Professor Rothsay. He is willing, upon my recommendation, to engage Brunton. He has written to Wakefield by the same mail that brought this. So we may soon expect to hear from that young gentleman upon the subject of his offer."

"Ah, I am very glad!" exclaimed Vivia, with a bright smile, as she received the letter.

When she had read and returned it, she observed, "The professor is contentious; writes to the purpose, and no more than is strictly necessary; therefore I infer that in writing to Wakefield, he will not waste words in naming your agency in the matter?"

"Our agency! don't shirk your share of the sponsorship, Vivia. No, I think he will not mention it! I certainly *hope* he will not; though of course I could not very well request him not to do so."

Before Vivia could reply, there was a light rap at the door, followed by the entrance of Wakefield, who, on seeing the lady, bowed coldly and distantly to her, and turned to Austin.

"Ah, Brunton, how do you do? Where have you hidden yourself for the last few days? and what have you been about? getting up another 'mountion book', eh?" asked Austin, gaily rising and extending his hand.

"I have been—tired and—tiresome also, I think. I have exhausted the city, and the city has exhausted me. I have a broken heart, or an impaired digestion, I cannot decide which! for the symptoms are very similar in both cases, are they not?"

"Don't know! never heard of but one broken heart—namely, that of the ambitious porter, who attempted to lift the mill-stone and killed himself in the effort. Well, what news?"

"I told you, I am weary of New York, and want to change my quarters; and, by the way, I have just received a proposal to deliver a course of lectures on the Orient, before the Newton Lyceum," said Wakefield, with a somewhat important air.

"Ah, indeed! Let us see that famous proposal!"

"I came, in fact, to lay it before you."

"For my decision upon it?"

"Oh, no! I have already decided. I shall accept the terms offered. I came, indeed, also, to say good-bye, for although I am not immediately wanted at Newton, yet, as I have nothing to keep me here, I think I shall go on thither and look around before commencing my labors."

"And so you forsake us altogether? I am sorry you go before it is necessary, but when do you set out?"

"To-morrow morning," replied Wakefield, who, after a few minutes more spent in desultory conversation, took his leave, by shaking hands with Austin, and bowing distantly to Vivia. Austin looked from one to the other in a thoughtful mood, but made no remark beyond an inarticulate "humph!" When Wakefield left the room, he turned to Vivia, and said,

"He does not suspect our agency in this affair?"

"No; but, Austin, I came to you this morning not with any idea of the agreeable surprise I received; but, on the contrary, with the intention of surprising you a little."

"I am all attention! I am desirous of being surprised; what is it, then?"

"I am going to Europe again."

"Again! I will nominate you to the command of one of the new ocean steamers! Verily, you wish to do nothing but sail to and fro. I shall not consent."

"Luckily your consent, however desirable, is not indispensable, dear Austin. I shall go."

"And whom do you propose to take for company?"

"Theodora."

"I thought so! And you will really leave us, Vivia? There is another one! What will Helen and myself do?"

"'Love one another.'"

"Sarcastic."

"No—serious! take the Saviour's words to heart; they are the cure for many ills," said Vivia, gravely and sweetly, as she concluded the interview and left the room.

For the next few days Austin opposed the intended voyage with great earnestness and perseverance. But Vivia could not be moved from her purpose, and as she went on steadily with her preparations for departure, Austin's opposition was withdrawn. The first of April came and found Vivia and her protege ready for their voyage. The day before their embarkation they had the satisfaction of receiving the first newspaper report of Wakefield's successful debut as a lecturer.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Prima Donna and the Corn-Doctor.

The following amusing story is told in a French paper, of Signorina Frezzolini, the celebrated opera singer. While at London, the fair Italian was so unlucky as to call in the services of a very celebrated but very impertinent English corn-doctor. This corn-doctor paid her frequent visits at Brompton, where she was residing. One morning, the charming actress asked the amount of her bill.

"Madame, it amounts to twenty guineas," replied the modest chiropedist.

"Twenty guineas!" screamed the indignant Frezzolini; "why, for that price a Florentine would extirpate during twenty years the corns of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and those of all his subjects."

"I can take nothing less, madame."

"Then be so good as to take the door," said the actress, with dignity.

The Englishman bowed and retired. But the next day the elegant prima donna was cited to appear before the justice of the peace. An immense crowd, duly notified by the newspapers, was present at this singular trial. The counsel for the corn-doctor commenced his case with the following remarks, in the midst of the most profound silence:—

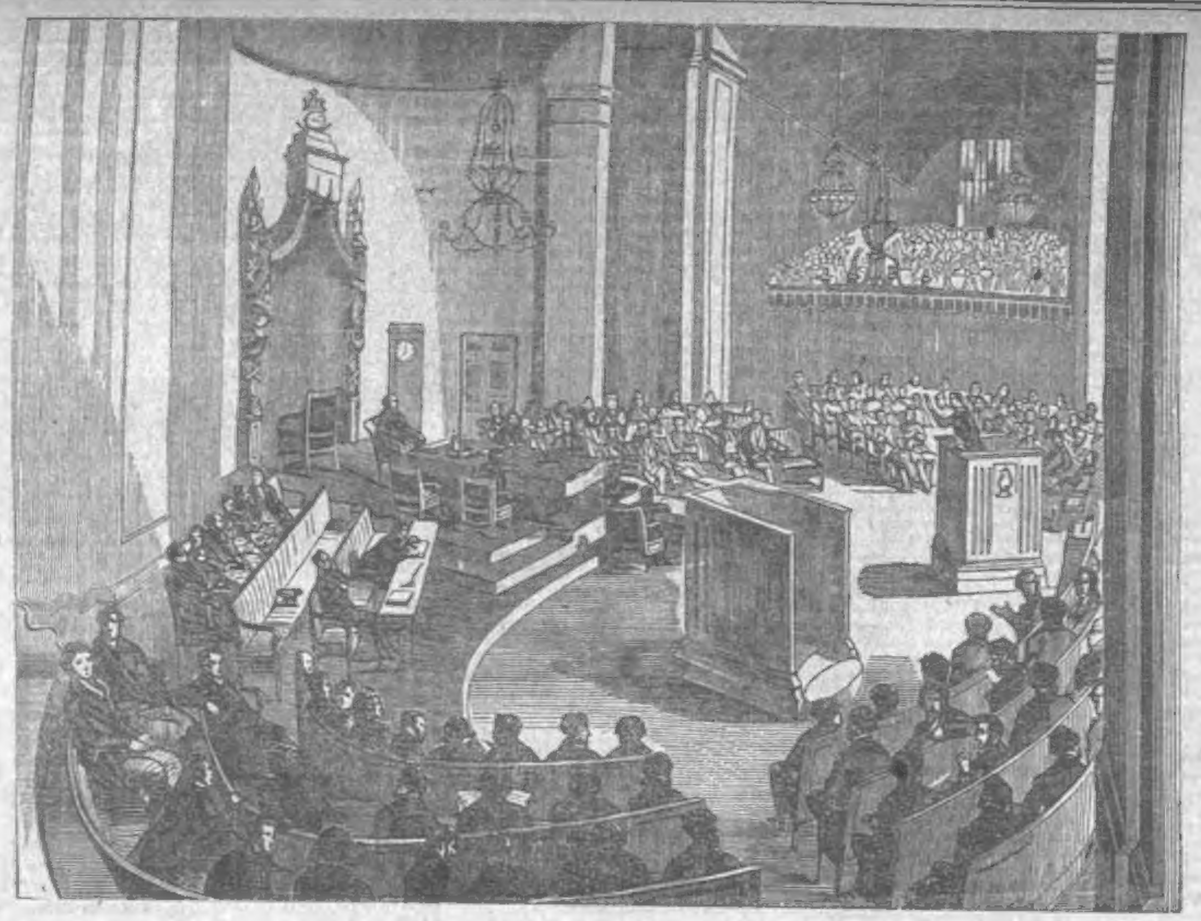
"I can readily conceive, your honor, that persons unacquainted with the nature and difficulties of my client's profession, may deem his demand exorbitant. But if your honor will have the kindness to name a jury of experts, I will trust my case blindly to their decision. It is almost impossible to conceive the amount of time and trouble it has cost my client to correct the disorders of madame's foot. It was rather horticulture than surgery. Never was seen a foot so overgrown and fertile in excrescences. Madame possesses, and I cannot congratulate her on her possession, between the first and second joint of her great toe, one corn proper, two callosities, and a soft corn. Next, as we pass from the great toe—"

"That is enough, that is enough," cried the counsel for Frezzolini.

"I object—"

"Don't interrupt me," cried the other.

But the Judge cut short all further argument by deciding that either Frezzolini should show her pretty little foot, naked, in the midst of the court, or pay the demand and costs of suit. The result could not be doubtful. Rather than take off her shoe and stocking in public, she would allow any inference to be drawn prejudicial to the perfection of her pedals. But now to stop the mouth of slander, she takes long walks, and for the sake of truth it must be said never was she known to walk with more grace, lightness and activity.



THE SPANISH CORTES.

We present above an engraving of the Spanish Assembly. It will be observed that the members are not supplied with desks, and have two stands from which to address the House in their formal speeches, in order that they may be heard to advantage. The absence of desks is considered by some promotive of attention to the business before the body, and therefore of good order.

SOME EPIGRAMS.

Nothing is rarer in literature than a good epigram. Mr. Parton's volume of Humorous Poetry contains two or three hundred specimens, and probably he has gleaned nearly all that are worth preserving. Such of our readers as may not have access to that interesting volume will be amused by our stringing together a few of the choicest.

Ben Jonson was a frequent writer of epigrams. From the following we may infer that there were empirics even in Elizabeth's day:

TO DR. EMPIRIC.

When men a dangerous disease did 'scape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape;
Let me give two, that doubly am got free,
From my disease's danger and from thee.

Pope's epigrams are few, but of the finest quality. Witness this:

ON MRS. TOFTS.

(*A Celebrated Opera Singer.*)

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along:
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved and the poet have died.

Swift wrote good epigrams, but he was the subject of one better than any of his own. The following, by Dr. Sheridan (grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,) is the best epigram we ever saw:

ON DEAN SWIFT'S PROPOSED HOSPITAL FOR LUNATICS.

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the Dean for kindred thus provide.

The following, by Charles Lamb, has often been styled the best epigram in the English language. It is, indeed most happy:

ON THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE WHIG ASSOCIATES OF THE PRINCE REGENT, AT NOT OBTAINING OFFICE.

Ye politicians, tell me, pray,
Why thus with woe and care rent?
This is the worst that you can say,
Some wind has blown the *ivig* away,
And left the *Hair Apparent*.

Here is one of Byron's, horribly severe, but scarcely unjust:

ON THE PRINCE REGENT BEING SEEN STANDING BETWEEN THE COFFINS OF HENRY VIII. AND CHARLES I., IN THE ROYAL VAULT AT WINDSOR.

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another spectred thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a King;
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
In him the double tyrant starts to life;
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah! what can tombs avail, since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both to mould a George?

We add a few whose authors are unknown or uncertain:

UPON POPE'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

So much, dear Pope, thy English Homer charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after ages will with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

WELLINGTON'S NOSE.

"Pray, why does the great Captain's nose
Resemble Venice?" Duncan cries.
"Why," quoth Sam Rogers, "I suppose,
Because it has a bridge of size (sighs)."

The following, from Punch's exhaustless store of wit, are very good:

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Said Stiggins to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make both ends meet."

The dame replied, in words discreet,
"We're not so badly fed,
If we can make but one end meet,
And make the other bread."

ON SEEING AN EXECUTION.

One morn, two friends before the Newgate drop,
To see a culprit throttled, chance to stop:
"Alas!" cried one, as round in air he span,
"That miserable wretch's race is run."
"True," said the other, drily, "to his cost,
The race is run—but by a neck 'tis lost."

The above are excellent, but not better than one which appeared the other day in the London Leader:

JUPITER AMANS.

Dedicated to Victor Hugo.

"Le Petit" call not him who by one act
Has turned old fable into modern fact.
Nap Louis courted Europe; Europe shied:
The imperial purple was too newly dyed.
"I'll have her though," thought he, "by rape or rapine,
Jove nods sometimes, but catch a Nap a napping!
And now I think of Jove, 'twas Jove's own fix,
And as I'll borrow one of Jove's own tricks;
Old stinking *pelm* I'll tickle with a joke,
And he shall lend me England's ocean cloak." 'Twas said and done, and his unseen was foil—
He won Europe with the guise of Bull!

Very neat, indeed; worthy of Pope or Swift. For more of the same kind, the reader may repair to the volume before us.—*Life Illustrated.*

☞ A "camp follower," at a late regimental parade, excused the irregularity of his gait, by saying, that he was trying to march after two tunes!

LYNCH LAW IN AUSTRALIA.

He saw at about half-a-mile off a vast crowd of miners making towards him in tremendous excitement. They came on, swelled every moment by fresh faces, and cries of vengeance and excitement were now heard, which the wild and savage aspect of the men rendered truly terrible. At last he saw and comprehended all at a glance. There were Jem and two others dragging a man along whose white face and knocking knees betrayed his guilt and his terror. Robinson knew him directly; it was Walker, who had been the decoy-duck the night his tent was robbed. "Here is the captain! Hurrah! I've got him, captain. This is the beggar that peppered the hole for me, and now we will pepper him." A fierce burst of exultation from the crowd. They thirsted for revenge. Jem had caught the man at the other end of the camp, and his offence was known by this time to half the mine. "Proceed regularly, Jem," said Robinson. "Don't condemn the man unheard." "Oh, no! He shall be tried, and you shall be the judge." "I consent," said Robinson, somewhat pompously. Then arose a cry that made him reflect: "Lynch! Lynch! a seat for Judge Lynch!" And in a moment a judgment-seat was built with cradles, and he was set on high, with six strange faces scowling round him for one of his own clique. He determined to back out of the whole thing. "No! no!" cried he, "that is impossible. I cannot be a judge in such a serious matter." "Why not?" roared several voices. "Why not! Because I am not a regular beak; because I have not got authority from the Crown." There was a howl of derision. "We give you authority!" "We order you to be judge!" "We are King, Lords, and Commons!" "Do what we bid you, or," added a stranger, "we will hang you and the prisoner with one rope!" Grim assent of the surrounding faces. Robinson sat down on the judgment seat not a little discomposed. "Now then," remonstrated one; "what are you waiting for? Name the jury." "Me!" "Me!" "Me!" "Me!" "I!" "I!" and there was a rush for the office. "Keep cool," replied another. "Lynch law goes quick, but it goes by rule. Judge, name the jury." * * * * "Mercy! mercy!" cried Walker. "You must not interrupt the proceedings, said Judge Lynch. "Haud your whisht, ye gowk. Ye are no fund guilty yet," remonstrated a juror. The jury being formed, the judge called the plaintiff. "The man sold me a claim for thirty pounds. I gave him the blunt because I saw the stuff was glittery. Well, I worked it, and I found it worked rather easy, that is a fact." "Haw! haw! haw!" roared the crowd, but with a horrible laughter, no placability in it. "Well, I found lots of dust, and I took it to the merchant, and he says it is none of it gold. That is my tale." "Have you any witnesses?" "I don't know. Yes, the nigger; he saw it. Here, Jacky, come and tell them." Jacky was thrust forward, but was interrupted by McLauchlan as soon as he opened his mouth. The Scottish juror declined to receive evidence but upon oath. The judge allowed the objection. "Swear him in then," cried a hundred voices. "Swear?" inquired Jacky, innocently. Another brutal roar of laughter followed. Jacky was offended. "What for you laugh, you stupid fellows? I not a common black fellow. I been to Sydney and learn all the white man knows. Jacky will swear," added he. "Left your hand," cried McLauchlan. "It is no swearing if you dinna left your hond." "Dat so, stupid," said Jacky, lifting his hand peevishly. This done, he delivered his evidence thus:—"Damme, I saw dis fellow sell dirt to dis fellow; and, damme, I saw dis fellow find a good deal gold; and, damme, I heard him say dis is a dam good job; and then, damme, he put down his spade and go to sell, and directly he come back and say damme, I am done." "Aweel," said McLauchlan, "we jaast refuse you lad's evidence, the deevelish heathen." A threatening murmur. "Silence! hear the defendant." Walker, trembling like an aspen, owned to having sold the claim, but denied that the dust was false. "This is what I dug out of it," said he, and he produced a small pinch of dust. "Hand it to me," said the judge. "It seems genuine." "Put it to the test. Call the merchant for a witness," cried another party. A party ran instantly for Levi. He refused to come. They dragged him with fearful menaces. "A test, old man! a test of gold!" The old Jew cast his eyes around, took in the whole scene, and with a courage few of the younger ones would have shown, defied that wild mob. "I will give you no test. I wash my hands of your mad passions and your mockeries of justice, men of Belial!" A moment's silence and wonder, a yell of rage, and a dozen knives in the air. The judge rose hastily, and in a terrible voice, that governed the tumult for an instant, said, "Down knives! I hang the first man that uses one in my court." And during the momentary pause that followed this he cried out, "He has given me a test. Run and fetch me the bottle of acid on his table." "Hurra! Judge Lynch for ever!" was now the cry, and in a minute the bottle was thrust into the judge's hand. "Young man," said Isaac, solemnly, "do not pour, lest Heaven bring your soul to as keen a test one day. Who are you that judge your brother?" Judge Lynch trembled visibly as the reverend man rebuked him thus, but fearing Isaac would go further and pay the forfeit of his boldness, he said calmly, "Friends, remove the old man from the court, out our respect. He is an aged man." Isaac was removed. The judge took the bottle and poured a drop on that small pinch of dust the man had just given him. No effect followed. "I pronounce this to be gold." "There," put in McLauchlan, "ye see the lad was no deceiving you; is it his fault if a' the gowd is no the same?" "No," whimpered Walker, eagerly, and the crowd began to whisper and allow he might be innocent. The man standing behind the judge said, with a cold sneer, "That is the stuff he did not sell, now pour on the stuff he sold." These words brought back the prejudice against the prisoner, and a hundred voices shouted "Pour!" while their eyes gleamed with a terrible curiosity. Judge Lynch, awe-struck by this terrible roar, now felt what it is to be a judge; he trembled and hesitated. "Pour!" roared the crowd still louder and more fiercely. McLauchlan read the judge's feelings, and whispered out, "Let it fa', lad, let it fa'!" "If it does our knives fall on him and you. Pour!" Robinson poured: all their fierce eyes were fixed on the experiment. He meant to pour a drop or two, but the man behind him jogged his arm, and half the acid in the bottle fell upon Walker's dust. A quantity of smoke rose from it, and the particles fizzed and bubbled under the terrible test. "Trash! a rope—no! dig a hole and bury him—no! fling him off the rock into the water." "Silence!" roared Robinson, "I am the judge, and it is for me to pronounce the verdict." "Silence! hear Judge Lynch!" Silence was not obtained though for full five minutes. "I condemn him to be exposed all day with his dust tied round his neck, and then drummed out of the camp." This verdict was received first with a yell of derisive laughter, then with a roar of rage. "Down with the judge!" "We are the judges!" "To the rock with him!" "Ay, to the rock with him!" With this an all-overpowering rush was made, and Walker was carried off up the rock in the middle of five hundred infuriated men. The poor wretch cried "Mercy! mercy!" "Justice! dog," was the roar in reply. The raging crowd went bellowing up the rock like a wave: and gained a natural platform, forty feet above the great deep pool, that lay dark and calm below. At the sight of it the poor wretch screamed to wake the dead, but the roars and yells of vengeance drowned his voice. "Put his dust in his pocket," cried one crueller than the rest. Their thirst of vengeance was too hot to wait for this diabolical proposal, in a moment four of them had him by the shoulders and heels; another moment and the man was flung from the rock, uttering a terrible death-cry in the very air; then down his body fell like lead, and struck with a tremendous plunge the deep water that splashed up a moment, then closed and bubbled over it. From that moment the crowd roared no longer, but buzzed and murmured, and looked down upon their work half-stupidly. "Hush!" "What is that?" "It is his head!" "He is up again!" "Can he swim?" "Fling stones on him." "No! let him alone, or we'll fling you a top of him." "He is up, but he can't swim. He is only struggling! he is down again!" He was down, but only for a moment; then he appeared again choking and gurgling. "Mercy! mercy!" "Justice, thieving dog!" was the appalling answer as before. "Save me! save me! oh, save me! save me!" "Save yourself! if you are worth it!" was the savage reply."—*"It's Never Too Late to Mend," by Charles Reade.*

HINTS FOR INDUSTRY.

In my own case, it may be said that I possessed peculiar advantages; but I have already remarked that those who do not possess the same advantages as myself have other privileges that are equivalent to them. I will endeavor to show this. Let us take the case of a person who does not keep a shop at all, and who, therefore, is in this respect debarred from making those exchanges upon which the return of profits materially depends. Put a specific proposition. *What could a journeyman shoemaker do with a penny?* I answer at once—*Buy a pennyworth of leather, make a pair of trouser straps, and sell them for twopence.* Put another proposition—*What could a journeyman tailor do with a penny?* I have known boys' caps to be made out of the merest scraps of cloth, and to be sold at a profit very large in comparison with the cost of the material. A carpenter with a bit of wood; a tinman with a bit of tin; a comb-maker with a bit of bone; an engraver with a piece of copper, or a bit of wood; a fan-maker with a piece of paper and a few chips; a designer with a black lead-pencil and a sheet of paper; a glazier with a bit of glass; a needlewoman with needle and thread; a gardener with a small packet of seed and a square yard of ground; a ticket-writer with a little color and a piece of cardboard; an engrosser with a pen and ink; indeed, anybody with anything, resolved upon making a beginning, can do it. And a few months of endeavor will be sufficient to show the certainty of my plan—no further persuasion will then be necessary—the proofs will be self-evident. The large class of shopkeepers, and especially of small shopkeepers, have their course made sufficiently plain by my own history. All those who are not shopkeepers I would recommend to devote one hour of "overtime" daily to the growth of pennies—to allow the result of one hour's labor daily to be applied to the meeting of those vicissitudes of life which sooner or later must come. How many artisans have, apart from their ordinary and daily vocations, skill and opportunities which are turned to no account, because no effort is made to apply them. How many a little window, turned to no beneficial use, might be applied by the wife to the sale of some article made by the husband in his evening hours! How many a man has friends and neighbors who would gladly assist a scheme so provident and commendable! I know a man, at the present time the owner of a large lucifer match manufactory, who, when lucifer matches were first introduced, was almost penniless. He thought that he could commence making these matches with very little means. He walked a long distance to London, found out a match manufactory, waited outside the doors until the work-people came out, entered into conversation with them, gleaned from them how the matches were made, returned home and set to work, and, with only a few pence, commenced a trade which, in time, he worked up to an enormous extent. He is now a comparatively wealthy man, having large machinery and a considerable number of work-people. I can say with truth, and from my own knowledge, that for every penny he at first put into his little business he has made more than a thousand pounds. It is obvious that as means accumulate, opportunities will arise of putting them to good account. Many will say that, had they a few pounds, they feel that they could do something. To such persons I say—*Begin, and get the few pounds.* Do not let life slip away and see you still lamenting the want of opportunity. Begin—work first for the *opportunity*—and then for the *result*. One hour a day devoted to the growth of pennies—of pennies that, as fast as they are produced, shall be made reproductive of themselves—of pennies that, once made, no part shall be consumed or destroyed until an important epoch in life arrives, when the harvest must be gleaned—will produce results the most gratifying, the most surprising, the most consoling in their effects. Remember, above all things, the system of *assurance*, which will immediately cover the chief contingency of life. If you cannot assure for five hundred pounds, assure for a hundred, for fifty, or anything, so that you make a beginning. You can add more, step by step, year by year.—*How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds.*

GOOD AT QUESTIONS.—For the sciences, he (Carlyle) had, if possible, even less tolerance, and compared the savans of Somerset House to the boy who asked Confucius "How many stars in the sky?" Confucius replied, "He minded things near him." Then said the boy, "How many hairs are there in your eyebrows?" Confucius said, "He didn't know and didn't care."—*Emerson's English Traits.*

Course of the Government on the Kansas Question—Official Correspondence—The Territorial Laws to be Enforced, and the Free State Men Put Down.

The following correspondence appeared last Saturday in the *Washington Union*:—

Secretary Marcy to Governor Geary.

Department of State, }
Washington, Aug. 26, 1856. }

Sir:—The present condition of the Territory of Kansas renders your duties as Governor highly responsible and delicate. In the instructions heretofore communicated to your predecessor, in February last; in the annual message of the President to Congress of the 24th of the previous December, and in the orders issued from the War Department printed, copies of which are herewith furnished, you will find the policy of the President fully presented. It is, first, to maintain order and quiet in the Territory of Kansas; and second, if disturbances occur therein, to bring to punishment the offenders. Should the force which has been provided to attain these objects prove insufficient, you will promptly make known the fact to the President, that he may take such measures in regard thereto as to him may seem to be demanded by the exigencies of the case. It is important that the President should be kept well informed as to the state of things in Kansas, and that the source of his information should be such as to insure its accuracy. You are therefore directed by him to communicate constantly with this Department. Such facts as it is deemed important to have early known here you will cause to be transmitted by telegraph, as well as by mail.

The President indulges a hope that by your energy, impartiality and discretion, the tranquility of the Territory will be restored, and the persons and property of our citizens therein protected.

I am sir, &c., W. L. Marcy.

His Excellency, John W. Geary, Governor of Kansas Territory.

In a letter to the War Department, dated Aug. 22, Gen. Smith speaks of the exaggerations relative to the contemplated attacks, but says that "on the assurance of both the Governor and Major Sedgwick, that there are 800 armed men assembled in Lawrence, who can be increased in twelve hours to 1,200, and that it is expected they would attack and destroy the capital of the Territory, Lecompton, I have ordered Lieutenant Johnston's Second Cavalry to go there with all the troops at Fort Leavenworth, except a small company, and have ordered all the men from Fort Riley, except a small garrison, to the same place. I have sent down to have all the troops, recruits and others, at Jefferson barracks, to be sent here, and will send them, and any companies of the sixth regiment that may arrive, to reinforce the command on the Kansas, if necessary. A large force may prevent any violence—a small one might tempt to the commission of it."

He further says:—I enclose also a communication from an officer of the militia on the northern border of the Territory, showing how contradictory and inconsistent are the accounts spread over the country, for the party that Lane brought from Iowa is on the northern border and on the Kansas at the same time.

Col. Sumner's regiment cannot now muster 400 men, including Capt. Stuart's company, on its way to Fort Laramie, and a detachment under Lieutenant Stuart's company, on its way to Fort Laramie, and a detachment under Lieut. Wheaton, en route for Fort Kearney with the Sioux prisoners. Lieut. Col. Cook's six companies have a little more than 100 horses.

A letter from Gov. Shannon to Gen. Smith, dated Lecompton, says that he has just returned from Lawrence, where he had been with the view of procuring the release of nineteen prisoners that were taken. He saw in that place at least 800 men, who manifested a fixed purpose to demolish this town. He remarks that he knew they intend an attack, and that, too, very soon. It would seem that the business of "wiping out," as they term it, of the Pro-Slavery party, had been commenced. Under these circumstances, he requests Gen. Smith to send from the fort all his disposable force.

Major General Smith, of the Kansas militia, under date of Aug. 18th, says to Gen. Smith:—

In addition to the extra herewith enclosed I have received reliable information that a state of actual war exists in Douglas county, and that in other parts of the Territory within this division, robberies and other flagrant violations of law are daily occurring by armed bodies of men from the Northern States. In the absence of all information from the Governor of the Territory, I have taken the liberty of exercising the authority in me vested in case of invasion, by ordering out the entire strength of my division, to rendezvous at various points, and receive further orders.

General Smith, in his instructions for the officer in command of the detachment of the U. States troops ordered to assemble in the neighborhood of Lecompton, on the requisition of the Governor, to repress insurrection, concludes as follows:—The General begs and directs you to avoid, as long as possible, any appeal to arms. Use every endeavor in your power to bring those who are in opposition to the law to a sense of their error. Especially avoid "small" conflicts, and consider the shedding of a fellow-citizen's blood as the greatest evil that can happen, except the overthrow of law and right, which must end in civil war. But, when the necessity of action and the employment of force does unhappily arise, employ it at once, with all the power and vigor at your command, but confine it only until you have suppressed the insurrection, and then interfere to prevent any cruelty from others. The Governor of the Territory should, if possible, take means to keep the prisoners already taken under his authority, and such as may hereafter be taken. Their custody embarrasses the troops and diminishes their efficiency.

Secretary Marcy to Gov. Geary.

Department of State, }
Washington, Sept. 2, 1856. }

Sir:—Reliable information having reached the President, that armed and organized bodies of men, avowedly in rebellion against the Territorial Government, have concentrated in such numbers as to require additional military force for their dispersion, you will have the militia of the Territory completely enrolled and organized, to the end that they may on short notice be brought into the service of the United States. Upon the requisition of the commander of the Military Department in which Kansas is embraced, you will furnish by companies, or regiments, or brigades, or divisions, such number and composition of troops as from time to time you may find, on his report to you, to be necessary for the suppression of all combinations to resist the laws of the United States, too powerful to be suppressed by the civil authority, and for the maintenance of public order and civil government in the Territories.

W. L. Marcy.

To his Excellency, John W. Geary, Governor of the Territory of Kansas, Lecompton.

Secretary Davis to Gen. Smith, under date of September 3d, says: "Your despatch of the 22d Aug., and enclosures, sufficiently exhibit the inadequacy of the force under your command to perform the duties which have been devolved upon you in the present unhappy condition of Kansas, by the orders and instructions heretofore communicated. To meet this exigency, the President has directed the Governor of the Territory to complete the enrollment and organization of the militia, as you will find fully set forth in the enclosed copy of a letter, addressed to him by the Secretary of State, and the President has directed me to say to you, that you are authorized, from time to time, to make requisitions upon the Governor for such militia force as you may require, to enable you promptly and successfully to execute your orders, and suppress the insurrection against the government of the territory of Kansas, and, under the circumstances heretofore set forth in your instructions, to give the requisite aid to the officers of the civil government, who may be obstructed in due execution of the law. Should you not be able to derive from the militia of Kansas an adequate force for these purposes, such an additional number of militia as may be necessary will be drawn from the States of Illinois and Kentucky, as shown in the requisition, a copy of which is enclosed. The views contained in your instructions to the officers commanding the troops, under date of August 18th, are fully approved, and accord so entirely with the purposes of the Executive, as to leave but little to add in relation to the course which it is desired you should pursue. The position of the insurgents, as shown by your letter and its enclosures, is that of open rebellion against the laws and the constitutional authorities, with each manifestation of purpose to spread devastation over the land as no longer justifies any further hesitation or indulgence. To you, as to every soldier whose fraternal feeling is to protect the citizens of his own country, and only to use his arms against the public enemy, it cannot be otherwise than deeply painful to be brought into conflict with any portion of his fellow countrymen; but patriotism and humanity alike require that rebellion should be promptly crushed, and the perpetration of the crimes which now disturb the peace and security of the good people of the Territory of Kansas, should be effectually checked. You will, therefore, energetically employ all the means within your reach to restore the supremacy of the law, always endeavoring to carry out the present purpose to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood. In issuing your requisition for the militia force, you will be governed by the existing organization of the army, and the laws made and provided in such cases. When companies, regiments, brigades, or divisions are presented to be mustered into the service of the United States, you will cause them, before they are received into the service, to be minutely inspected by an officer of your command, appointed for the purpose."

Secretary Jefferson Davis, under date of Sept. 3, in the requisitions to the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois, says:—"To suppress insurrectionary combinations against the constituted government of the Territory of Kansas, and to enforce the due execution of the law, I am instructed by the President of the United States, to make this his requisition upon you, for two regiments of foot militia, to be furnished to Major General P. F. Smith of the United States army, commanding the military department of the West, whenever the exigencies of the public service shall induce him to call upon you for said troops, to be employed for the purpose above indicated, within the limit of said Territory."

POLITICAL NEWS.

South Carolina.—Mr. Brooks made a speech on the presentation of a pitcher, goblet and cane to him at Columbia, S. C. The most noticeable portions are as follows:—

"As to his own position, he was now as he was in 1851, a co-operation disunionist. He thought it best to dissolve the Government under which we now live. But in doing this, there was a difference of opinion as to the means to be employed. He believed that something was due to our sister Southern States, who had the same interests at stake as we—that we should be prepared to act with them and to wait on them. When, in his speech of resignation, he said that it was in his power to begin revolution, he made no idle boast. He was not egotistical enough to believe that he wielded intellectual power enough for the task; but what he meant was, that had he, during the debate on his expulsion, walked up and slapped the face of the prominent man of the Black Republican party, a storm would have been raised which would have ended only in the hall of the House being drenched in blood.

"In coming next to the subject of the Presidency, he felt, in view of the politics of some of his hearers, that he was touching upon a delicate question. He would not, however, hesitate to declare his opinions plainly and frankly. That had ever been his habit—and so long as he had intelligence enough to conceive opinions, he would have the manhood to declare them. He was for Mr. Buchanan, and he thought it the duty of the people of this State to aid in the election of that gentleman. For whom else can we go? Fillmore was a man of unreproachable character, and excellent in his private relations. But he was politically objectionable. He had voted to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, had opposed the annexation of Texas, and, above all, had denounced himself opposed to the Pierce administration, expressly on the ground that its influence had been used to effect the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise line. As to Fremont, he was the Black Republican candidate—a soldier who had never won a battle, and a statesman who had never made a speech. It was said that he is a native of this State, but it seemed about as difficult to fix on his birth-place as it is to determine who his father was.

"Soon, said he, the great question of the Presidency would be settled, and if on the second Monday of November next it shall be found that Fremont is elected, he thought our course was plain. It was his deliberate opinion that we should then, on the 4th March next, march to Washington, seize the archives and the treasury of the Government, and leave the consequences to God.

"But civil war was a horrible thing; and as men and Christians, he thought it our duty to avoid, if possible, so direful a calamity. Hence, he was for making an effort, with our sister Southern States, to perpetuate peace by the election of Mr. Buchanan. Failing, however, in this, it would be time enough then to accept the alternative. We would then find the South united, and be prepared to achieve victory. He knew the spirit of the Southern members of Congress. They were firmly resolved to maintain the rights of their section at every hazard.

"In conclusion, Col. Brooks said that in view of the generous conduct of his fellow-citizens towards him, he would hereafter be prepared to exert all his energies in their behalf, and to serve them on all occasions. South Carolina was dear to him, and his heart swelled at the thought that he had none but friends in her borders. In the language, said he, of him who was one of South Carolina's truest sons (George McDuffie,) 'Through good report and evil report, for weal, or for woe, I go for South Carolina right or wrong.'"

Pennsylvania.—The Secretary of the American State Council denies the telegraph statement that, pending a resolution endorsing Fillmore and Donelson, the Council adjourned *sine die*. No such resolution, he says was submitted for the consideration of that body, as the nominations were indorsed and ratified at a meeting held at Harrisburg on the 13th of May last, and consequently no necessity existed for the consideration of that subject.

Philadelphia.—The political parties have made the following nominations for Congress:—

Democrats.	*Americans.*	*Republicans.*
1st. T. B. Florence,	E. C. Knight,	T. G. Allen,
2d. T. Marshall.	E. Jay Morris,	Geo. H. Stuart.
3d. James Landy,	Wm Millward,	Wm Millward,
4th. H. M. Phillips,	R. M. Yost.	Wm. D. Kelley.

New Hampshire Democratic State Convention.—The Democratic State Convention met, at Concord, on Sept. 4th, and was largely attended. John S. Wells was nominated, by acclamation, for Governor, and Mark Noble for Canal Commissioner. Presidential electors were also nominated.

Massachusetts Politics.—A call has been issued by the President of the Fremont American State Council for a Convention, to be held at Worcester on the 16th of September, on the ground that ex-Governor Johnston, the North American candidate for the Vice Presidency, has given notice that he shall decline.

The Republican State Convention, and the anti-Gardner Fremont Americans meet the same day, at the same place.

The Whig State Convention of Massachusetts assembled at Faneuil Hall, on the 3rd instant, the Hon. C. Winthrop presiding. The Convention was addressed by Hon. R. C. Winthrop, George S. Hillard, and others favoring Mr. Fillmore; and among the resolutions was one signifying the preference of the Convention for Mr. Fillmore over the other candidates thus far nominated.

Dr. Luther V. Bell was nominated for Governor, Homer Foote for Lieut-Governor, John H. Clifford for Attorney-General, Wm. T. Lincoln for Secretary of State, John Sargent for Treasurer, and Joseph Mitchell for Auditor.

Fillmore Convention in Conn.—The Fillmore State Convention, held at New Haven, Conn., on the 3rd instant, was largely attended, and an electoral ticket nominated amid much enthusiasm. Ex-Governors Hawley and Green were nominated as electors at large.

Virginia.—It is stated by the Virginia press that there is a Fremont ticket, regularly nominated in that State. The following is given as the list, (complete, save two electors for the State at large):—

1st District, Charles W. Newton, of Taylor; 2nd, And. S. Holden, of Harrison; 3rd, John B. Barns, of Marion; 4th, R. W. Carothers, of Monongalia; 5th, Jos Crabtree, of Lee; 6th, Absalom George, of Tyler; 7th, William Lantz, of Monongalia; 8th, James T. McIver, of Scott; 9th, Isaac Parsons, of Hampshire; 10th, James B. B. Kee, of Pendleton; 11th, Joseph Russell; 12th, Hiram Riggs, of Scott; 13th, E. T. Brandon, of Preston.

Arkansas.—The returns of the recent election in Arkansas are all in except from the county of Mississippi. The whole vote cast was 43,148, and the majority of Conway, Dem., for Governor, was 12,694.

North Carolina.—The full returns give a Democratic majority of 12,301—a gain of about 10,000 since the last gubernatorial election in 1854.

Maine.—The old line Whigs and the Democrats in this State, have nominated the same candidates for Congress in each of the six districts. For Governor each party has a separate candidate—Hamlin being run by the Republicans, Wells by the Democrats, and Patten by the Whigs. The Whig vote at the last election was about 10,000.

Maryland.—The Republicans of Baltimore held a meeting on the 4th inst., at the Temperance Temple. Resolutions were adopted to issue an address, and also to take measures for the nomination of an electoral ticket. Dr. Snodgrass addressed the meeting. The attendance was very slim.

Wisconsin.—The Wisconsin Legislature met in extra session at Madison on Wednesday. Gov. Bashford, in his message, recommends the consideration of measures for the protection of the citizens of Wisconsin in Kansas, and says that many not expatriated who have gone to Kansas for lawful purposes, have been seized, robbed, and imprisoned, and their lives jeopardized by the Missourians. He calls on the Legislature for aid, the general Government being impotent and wilfully negligent.

Vermont Election.—Returns from one hundred and eighty-eight towns show a majority of over 19,000 for Ryland Fletcher, the Republican candidate for Governor. The towns to be heard from gave nearly two thousand Republican majority last year. The three Republican Congressmen are elected by majorities of from five to ten thousand apiece. The House so far as ascertained stands, Republicans, 153, Democrats, 13. The Senate is entirely Republican.

Overland Mail.—At the late regular session of Congress, an attempt was made to carry through a provision for an overland mail from Missouri to California, at an annual cost of $1,000,000, and it has been generally supposed to have proved successful, but such was not the fact. It did pass the one house, if not in both, but failed at the last hour amongst a disagreement of the two branches. The only bill looking to the improvement of the overland route, which passed, was, we believe, one providing for the construction of a military road from Fort Ridgeley, in Minnesota, to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. As Fort Ridgeley is near to the frontier of improved travelling routes in Minnesota, this will cover about half of the distance to the Pacific. It is not, however, as great an advance as the establishment of an overland mail would have been.

Yellow Fever.—The New York Daily Times says that, in King's county, up to August 30th, the epidemic occasioned seventy-four deaths, and that it is gradually creeping along the water front of Brooklyn towards East River, and is already wafted to Governor's Island. From there, the Times says, it is but one step to New York city, and the reaching that place is only a question of time, unless extraordinary efforts are made to prevent it. The Times says:—

"If there yet remain any incredulous as to the existence of the 'Black Jack,' let them, some fine afternoon, take a ride to Fort Hamilton. Long before that place is reached can be seen the effects of the disease in deserted houses, neglected flower-gardens, and ungathered crops. If this does not convince, ride a little further, notice that this great thoroughfare is almost entirely deserted, and you feel alone upon it; but occasionally will be seen a physician passing on an errand of mercy. Ask him why almost every human being seen on the route is dressed in mourning. If not yet satisfied, pass on to that usually crowded place, Fort Hamilton, look at the untenanted houses and deserted streets and avenues. The people are all gone, fled. Ride on until you come in sight of Fort Hamilton. Ask Dr. Bayley the cause of this loneliness.

"The Board of Health in New Utrecht are in want of money to relieve the wants of the sick. The most of the sick have left, and the poor are compelled to remain. Some are sick and many have been suddenly thrown out of employment by the stampede, or are reduced by sickness. A deserted hotel has been turned into a hospital, and in charge of the Fort Hamilton Relief Society. There are physicians and nurses sufficient for the present and provision is being made for the future, so that all may receive proper treatment."

The following was telegraphed on Monday last—the tone of the telegraphic messages has been uniformly contrary to that of the above;—

New York, Sept. 8.—The Brooklyn Board of Health to day report no new cases of fever. One death has been reported since the last meeting. Mayor Hall stated to the Board that an examination of the city yesterday, no cases of yellow fever were found in the city proper.

There have been no new cases on Governor's Island, and no additional deaths. The patients are doing well.

The Eel Trade of the Susquehanna river has of late years become an important branch of trade among the anglers in the vicinity of that stream. The season of the year in which they are caught usually extends from the middle of August until the river rises or is closed by ice in the winter—the water in the river being low at this time, the eels usually descend the stream. Their course is, however, intercepted by the erection of V shaped dams, at intervals on the river, with a box attached at the termination of the dam for their reception, from which they cannot escape. The eels are then divested of their slippery epidermis, salted down in barrels, and conveyed by canal to the Baltimore market, where they are principally purchased for sea-going vessels, as the greatest delicacy of the season. The fishing season generally closes by a grand carouse and whiskey drinking, which generally lasts until the ague steps in and restores order.

A Great Chance for Inventors.—The annual production of corn is 600,000,000 bushels, nearly all of which is shelled by machinery; but the husking is done by hand. The expense of husking is estimated at 5 cts a bushel, or $30,000,000 a year! No less than 129 *different* patents have been granted for Shellers; but for Huskers, only *four* patents have been issued—two of which have long since expired. Not one of them is sufficiently practicable, we believe, to meet the wants of the community.

Corn Huskers are very much needed on every farm throughout the land. Here is a splendid opportunity for inventors, and we hope they will improve it. The patent for a first-rate Husking Machine will be worth a large fortune.

An Uncommon Occurrence.—The Albany Knickerbocker says a very singular affair occurred in the Court of General Sessions, at the last term. A woman was brought up and arraigned before her own brother, who was on the bench, on a charge of keeping a house of prostitution. The brother sat as motionless as marble, and stern and inflexible as the Roman father who passed the sentence of death on his own son. The woman, though old in crime, and lost to shame, was so overcome by the scene that, on reaching her seat, she wept burning tears. It is a scene that is rarely witnessed, and we hope never to see the like again.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, }
September 9, 1856. }

The market for Dry Goods is not very active, but there is a fair amount of business doing with both the Continuous and Jobbers, and the amount of Goods sold during the last two months is fully equal to that of previous years. There are no material alterations to notice in any of the leading articles of either Cotton or Woolen manufacture, and prices generally rule about stationary, but with more of a disposition to meet the views of buyers. The Powers's advices have given an upward tendency to Breadstuffs, and the markets generally have been rather more active during the past week. Bank continues very scarce. Cotton closes with a better feeling, and orders are firmer in their demands. The Coal trade is less active at the late advance, but the stock is light for the season. Iron is moving off more freely and brings full prices. Flour, Wheat and Corn have advanced. In Groceries and Provisions there is not much doing. Coffees are rather better; but Sugars are lower and very dull. Hemp continues scarce and on the advance. Hides are rather better, but the want of stock limits operations. Naval Stores and Oils are quiet. Seeds in unchanged, with limited sales. Seed continue in request at former full rates. Teas and Tobacco are steady. Wool meets with a fair inquiry, without change in quotations, and Whiskey has further declined. In other articles there are no changes of any moment since the close of our last weekly review.

ASHES—The market is very bare, and both kinds are scarce and wanted at quotations.

BARK—Further small sales of No 1 Quercitron in all about 30 hhds have been made at $38 at which rate it is wanted. Tanners' Bark sells on arrival at steady rates. We notice a lot of Spanish Oak at $14 ⅌ cord.

BREADSTUFFS—Little or nothing doing, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers; good yellow is held at 77a80c with 76a78 bid.

CANDLES—The market is steady, and a moderate business is noticed in Sperm and Adamantine, at previous quotations. Tallow Candles are quiet.

COAL—Owing to the advance in rates in toll on the 1st inst., holders have put up their prices 15c ⅌ ton, which has had a tendency to check the demand, and there is only a moderate business to notice. Stocks are light for the season.

The receipts of Anthracite Coal from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, for the past week, compare as follow the corresponding week of last year:—

	1856.	1855.
Lehigh Canal	42,370	38,175
Schuylkill Canal	92,192	84,890
Reading Railroad	39,492	52,900
Total for week	134,052	125,965

The total receipts for the year on the three great improvements leading to Philadelphia, foot up and compare with the receipts to the same date last year, as follows:—

	1856.	1855.	Decline.
Lehigh Canal	817,481	749,849	67,632
Schuylkill Canal	714,290	741,285	5,005
Reading Railroad	1,541,220	1,484,178	176,442
	3,172,791	2,969,961	243,080

The Schuylkill Navigation is rapidly wiping out the difference between this year's and last year's receipts. Quite other times there is no prospect of this being done.

To the aggregate of this year may be added the coal carried down by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which is as follows:—

Week ending Aug. 30	5,794
Previously this year	88,856
Total tons	94,650

COFFEE—There is more enquiry from the trade, and holders are firmer in their demands, prices at the close being 1c⅌ better; the week's sales, however, only reach some 800 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 10½a11¾c, including 600 bags Laguayra at 11¾c, and some small lots of Java at 14c for ordinary Mocha for Government, all on the usual credit.

COTTON—There is no material change to report since the receipt of the late foreign news, and the market ruled quiet; the stock, however, is light, and held in few hands, reaching in all about 3500 bales, chiefly Upds.—Buyers come forward slowly, and purchase only for their immediate wants, but the market closes with a better feeling on the part of holders, sales are firmer in their demands. The week's sales foot up some 1400 bales at 11a11¼c for Uplands, and 12¼a12½c for Gulf, cash and on time, the latter price for choice lots.

DRUGS AND DYES—There is a fair inquiry for most of the leading articles under this head, but buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and we are only advised of sales to the extent of ten tons Soda Ash at 1¾a2c, usual time, and 20 pipes Alcohol at 90c, 6 months, the latter a small parcel.

FEATHERS—The receipts and sales continue light, and good Western are quoted at 35a36c ⅌ lb, the latter for small lots.

FRUIT—There is little or nothing doing in foreign for the want of stock; a cargo of Pine Apples has been selling from the vessel at irregular rates. Green Fruits, with the exception of Peaches, which are very scarce, is nominal and low.

FISH—There is no change in the market, and but little doing some further receipts and mixed new Mackerel medium 2s are reported at $7 50 ⅌ bbl, but mostly on terms not public, there sales to a limited extent are making at about previous rates. Nothing doing in other kinds worthy of note. Dry Cod are quiet at 4½c ⅌ lb.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue moderate, and holders, owing to the more favorable tenor of the late foreign news, and the reduced state of the stock, have put up their prices 25 cts ⅌ bbl since the close of last week. The export demand has been moderate, but some 8a10,000 bbls have found buyers for a shipment at $8.50a8.62½ for standard superfine, made from new Wheat, mostly at the latter rate, and some at $8.75. The home trade are very backward in coming forward, and the sales are confined to some 2,500 bbls at $8.62½a8.75 for extra family, and extra family at $9.25a9.50 ⅌ bbl. For home consumption the demand has been more inactive, within the range of $8.50a8.75 for common brands and extra, and $9.75a10 ⅌ bbl for fancy lots, as to quality. Rye Flour is very scarce, and some small sales are reported at $5.37½ ⅌ bbl. Corn Meal has been more active, and prices rather firmer, and some 300 bbls, mostly Brandywine, have been taken at $3.75, including Penn's Meal at about $3.50 ⅌ bbl. The inspections for the week are 12,214 bbls Flour, 2001 bbls Corn Meal and 16 bags Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off, and under a more active enquiry both for shipment and export prices for prime have further advanced, and sales of 20,000 bushels new Southern and at 120a125c, closing at yesterday's rates, including White at 120a125c as to quality. Inferior to good Penn'a and Western, on the spot, 110a120c, and Red at 110a115c. About 5,000 bushels new sold at New Castle at 110a112c. Rye continues scarce and in request with further sales of 1000 bushels mostly old Penn'a at 75c. Corn is better, and the demand, mostly for home consumption, have been confined to at 70a72c for prime yellow, and 68a69c for mixed Western, as to quality, and 67a68c for Penn'a and Western. Oats are in fair request, and prices have an upward tendency; sales of 15,000 bushels at 40a41c for Southern and Penn'a, and 42a43c for Western, as to quality.

GROCERIES—There is an improved change to report, and the market is more steady and brisker in all its features. Sales of 1100 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 7¾a8¼c, 300 hhds Porto Rico at 8¼a8½c, 100 hhds Cuba Clayed at 8¼a8½c, 100 hhds Havana White at 9c, and 100 hhds Cuba Crushed at 9½c, all on the usual credit. Refined Sugars continue in active demand for Rail road and Boat iron, at fully former rates. Most of the mills being well supplied with orders.

LEAD—is quiet, and no sales of any consequence here come under our notice.

LUMBER—Still continues dull, but there has been rather more doing this week in the way of sales; White Pine ranges as follows: mostly at $14a15 for prime Susquehanna boards; also of 31 mills, made at $14a15, and clear Pine at $18a20 ⅌ M., as in quality.

LIQUORS—The demand is active, but the market is nearly bare of stock, and prices have an upward tendency.

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet, the stock is light, but there seemed to be little or no enquiry.

NAVAL STORES—There has been very little movement in the market; Spirits Turpentine sells slowly at 34a35c ⅌ gallon, cash and time. Nothing new to Rosin, Pitch or Tar, and quote nominally.

OILS—Continues firm at the advance. Linseed is selling at 81a82c. Lard Oil is held for higher prices; we quote at 81a85c for Spring, and Whale and Fish are without change, but the demand is mostly confined to lots from store at full prices.

PLASTER—Continues scarce, and further sales of soft have been made at $2a2 50 ⅌ ton, mostly at the latter rate.

RICE—Is selling in small lots only to supply the retail trade at 4½a5c ⅌ lb.

SALTPETRE—Is in demand, and there is only a moderate supply in market, and we have only to notice sales of 100 bags refined and mixed at 7a7½c, in quality.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Timothy, and further sales of 700 bushels, mostly strictly prime Jersey, new crop, at $2.37½a2.40, as to lots, mostly at $2.37½ ⅌ bushel, including some small lots of only fair quality at $2.30a2.37½. Of Clover there is very little offering or selling, and 30 bush have been sold at $5a5.12½, and some choice new seed from second hands at $5.25. Flaxseed is scarce, and we quote Pennsylvania at $2.45a2.50 ⅌ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Foreign, and the market for Brandy and Gin is unchanged. N. E. Rum is firm, with a sale of 30 gallons at 45c. Whiskey rules dull, and the week's sales foot up some 400 barrels at 30c for Ohio, and 29c for Penn'a, closing at the latter rate for bbls, and 28c for hhds.

SUGARS—Have been selling off to lower prices, and the market is unsettled and irregular; sales being confined to a few small lots Cuba and Porto Rico at irregular rates, ranging as to qu., the inferior have reduced their prices 5a10c ⅌ lb from the highest point.

The following table shows the crop of Sugar in Louisiana for each year during the last twenty-two years:—

	hhds.		hhds.
1834	15,000	1846	197,000
1835	20,000	1847	240,000
1836	50,000	1848	220,000
1837	65,000	1849	237,000
1838	74,000	1844	253,000
1839	115,000	1853	211,000
1840	97,000	1854	266,000
1841	90,000	1855	322,000
1842	150,000	1856	440,000
1843	100,000	1856	346,615
1844	200,000	1856	331,477

The stock now on hand in the State is estimated at 9000 hhds, against 10,000 at the beginning of the year.

PROVISIONS—There is but little movement in the market. Pork is held rather more firmly, but the sales are only on a retail way at $15a15 50 for Mess, Clear Mess at $14a14 50, with small sales at $13 ⅌ bbl. Bacon moves off as wanted, mostly in small lots at 12a14c for Hams, 10c for Shoulders, and 11a11½c for Sides, according to quality. Green Meats continue scarce, and are generally held above the views of buyers, with little or nothing doing in the way of sales. Lard is also quite scarce and wanted, and we quote at 12½a13c, and kegs at 14c. Butter is plenty and dull at 14a18c for Western packed. Cheese sells moderately at 9a10c, as in quality.

TALLOW moves off slowly at 11½a11¾c ⅌ lb for city rendered, and there is very little doing.

TEAS are quiet, but without any material variation to note since the close of last week.

TOBACCO—There is no change in the market, with about the usual business in manufactured. Leaf continues scarce and firm.

WINES—A moderate business doing to the way of sales, without any alteration in the market.

WOOL—There is more inquiry from the East, and the demand for both Fleece and pulled is increasing. The week's transactions, however, has been moderate, reaching about 150,000 lbs, most fully former rates, including invoiced at 58a60c cash, common to full blood do. at 53c, and prime Fleece at 56a58c, all on the usual terms.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR, &c.—Holders of Western Canal Flour are firm, with a fair demand for the trade and the East. Exporters are buying sparingly. The better grades are in fair request, at full prices. The sales are 8500 bbls at 5c, incl. 4c for common to good State, $5 55a5 75 extra do, 5 60a5 75 for superfine Indiana and Illinois, $5 75a6 for common to fair extra Ohio, $5 75a6 for fair to very good extra Ohio, $6 75a6 75 for St. Louis brands, and $7a8 25 for extra Genesee.

Canadian Flour is firm, with a fair inquiry and moderate sales; sales of 400 bbls at $6 30a7 75 for extra brands. Southern Flour is held with more firmness; the demand is good for the trade and for shipment; sales of 2400 bbls at $7 35a8 for mixed to good brands Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and $7 85a8 50 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is quite firm; sales of 150 bbls at $5 25a5 50 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is scarce and is firm at $3 75a3 80 for Jersey, and 400 bbls Brandywine at $4 12½.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is good, but with a poor assortment offering. The business is moderate, prices unchanged; sales 8 1,500 bushels fair red Southern at $1 50; 24 do fine common white Southern at $1 57½; 4000 bags good red Indiana at $1 51; 3000 bus good white Illinois at $1 61; 10,000 bus red do at $1 51a1 56. Rye is firm and is wanted; sales of 2500 bus old prime mixed at 82c, and 1,000 bus new at 80c. Corn is in good demand at easier for State; Unas for Western, and weaker for Jersey. Corn is plenty, and in less active; the demand is mainly for the home and Eastern trade; sales of 74,000 bus at 68a70c for Western mixed, closing at 68c; 15a76 for round and flat yellow; 72a73 for white Southern, and 75a76c for very choice do.

HOPS—The market for both descriptions continue quiet. Small sales of new, about five or six bales, have been made at 15c. We quote the range of prices a little lower, viz: 12a15. Old are as before.

HIDES—A fair business is doing in all kinds available, but the continued restrictions on all stocks almost prevent a more liberal demand. Further sales have been made of 2500 Angostura at 25c, and a lot of 600 sold yesterday, making for the week 3100 of that description; 400 Savanilla at 19c, part 5 per cent. for cash, rejecting water damaged and those cut to tan.

LEATHER—Continues in good request for all kinds of sole, and full prices are realized.

OILS—Linseed continues in good demand on the spot and to arrive, and the stock in first hands at present is less than ever known at this season; 7000 gallons has sold, to arrive in October, at 85c.

PROVISIONS—The inquiry is very light for Pork, and the market is again easier. The sales are 250 bbls, at $19.50 for Mess, and $17 62½a17 75 for Prime. Beef is in fair request, and good quality is very firm, with sales of 450 bbls, at $7 for Country Prime, $9a9 25 for do Mess; $9 50a10 for Country Mess, and $14a15 for Extra Mess. Prime Mess is quiet at $14a17. Beef Hams are much wanted at $22. Cut Meats are held with more confidence at 8½c for Shoulders, and 8½c for Hams. Western Smoked Sides are saleable at 11a11½c. Lard is buoyant, as the stock is much reduced, and the demand good for Prime. Sales of 250 bbls and tes at 11a11½c for Grease, and 12a12½c for fair to prime. Butter is not plenty, and is in good request, at 18a22c for State, and 16a18c for Ohio. Cheese is unsaleable at 8a9c.

SKINS—The market is more active under the release of several cargoes from the quarantine anchorage. We notice higher sales of 12 bales Vera Cruz Deer at 54c; 5 bales Barcelona do at 46c, and 15,000 lbs San Juan on private terms.

WHISKEY—The market is easier at the close, with a moderate demand. Sales of 350 bbls Ohio and Prison at 28½c.

WOOL—There continues a fair active demand for Domestic Fleece Wool, and the stock of all kinds is very much reduced; that dealers are surprised what has become of the supply is the fact is, that the clip was short, as we have already stated, and speculators having bought up fully one half the clip from the farmers, are now holding their supplies for high rates. One of the largest New England Wool manufacturers has been through the market during the week, and purchased to some extent. We notice sales of 150,000 lbs at 58a60c for fine, and 60a62c for common to super extra, from 30a32c, six months; 200 lbs pulled at 45c, cash; 200 do low Wool at 32c. We also notice sales of 100,000 lbs medium fine, as Ohio, for a Philadelphia account, at 42c. Pulled Wool is also in good demand, and prices rule firm; sales of 15,000 lbs new and old, at 33c for 1000 No. 1 family, 46c for extra pulled, and Lambs' Wool, and a small lot of old super extra at 50c. Foreign is in active request, and with a reduced stock prices are rather firmer; sales 800 bales Buenos Ayres, and other South American washed and unwashed Wools, part of the latter at 18c, and the former at 19a46c; 250 bales Mediterranean (Smyrna) supposed at 24c. To Canvas 42 145a1 60 bales Cordova at 26a32c; 60 bales Cape Wool, at Boston, to come here, at a price we did not learn.

Sept. 8.—Flour is firm; sales 6000 bbls. Wheat steady, 17,000 bushels sold. Corn buoyant, 50c bushels sold at 69c. Mess Pork quiet. Beef firm. Lard steady at 12½c. Whiskey dropping.

Sterling exchange dull at 109¾.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market was rather quiet and unsettled. Not much disposition on the part of buyers to operate. A sale of 100 bbls Howard street at $6 87½—more offered, however, than buyers at this figure. A sale of 120 bbls choice Ohio at $6 87½, and 100 bbls City Mills at $6 75, closing quiet. No sales since Thursday. Buyers and sellers of Flour—stock held in moderate demand. Sales are making to some extent at $6 75a7 00, as to quality. Corn Meal—We quote country at $3 75a3 80, and small sales of city at $3 87½ a barrel. Family and Extra Flour—Sales are now making of Baltimore manufacturers at $7 50a7 75, extra do $8a8 25. Also Howard street and Ohio family at $8 12½. Sales 200 bbls do at $7 87½ ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—The market was rather more Shippers and millers are disposed to purchase, and prices without special change. About 18,000 bushels offered, and sales of white, for quality, at 120a125c; good to prime do 130a135, and choice 135a140c; red, good to prime, 115a118; choice 120c.

Corn—There continues a steady demand. About 16,000 bush were offered, and sales of white at 55a56c; yellow do at 65a66.

Oats—About 4,000 bushels were offered, and sales of good to prime at 42a43c.

Rye—There were 625 bushels offered, with sales of 225 bush Maryland at 75c, and 400 do Penn'a at 82c ⅌ bush.

Seeds—Clover is scarce and selling in small lots at $7 12½ ⅌ bush. Sales of 12½ bush Timothy at $2 62½ ⅌ bush.

WHISKEY—The market is quiet. Considerable receipts. Sales of 200 bbls City at 28 50c. Also, in the Ohio at 29½a30c, and 28a30c do. We quote Penna at 29a30c.

Sept. 9.—Flour is steady, at $6 87 for Howard street; the receipts of Wheat are large; sales of White at 115a120c, and Red at 110a115c. Corn—Nearly 20,000 bushels offered to-day; sales of White at 65a66c, and Yellow at 66a68c. Whiskey dull at 28a29c.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S—With a consider

BREACH OF PROMISE CASES.—A London paper says:—Mr. Baron Bramwell laid down the law as to a breach of promise of marriage excellently on Monday week. After describing a mutual engagement, he put the case of a man who for some reason finds that the match will not probably be a happy one, and accordingly proposes that it shall be broken off. The lady claims damages for his having broken the promise. "No," says the man of Baron Bramwell, "I do not pay you for breaking my promise, but for having made it. How much must I pay you for that? What damages must I give you because I made the agreement which I have done?" This is the true way of looking at the question. The injury done to the lady is not that she is suddenly prevented from marrying one whose affection has cooled even before matrimony, because she has in fact thereby escaped no small misery, but because she had been kept "engaged," and thereby prevented making a more eligible partner during a portion of the period (unfortunately not a protracted one) in which a woman may hope to attract and charm marriageable men. Acting under the direction of Mr. Baron Bramwell on this principle, the jury at Liverpool gave a verdict for the plaintiff in the case of Nattrass v. Yeoman, with £50 damages. It may seem odd to recall attention to the fact, but it is important to remember that this case was tried on a Friday.

The case of Scholes v. Brierly was also tried before Mr. Baron Bramwell at the same assize. The defendant, the learned judge told the jury, had no doubt made a contract. "The damages that ought to be recovered, to his mind, were the damages sustained. If the plaintiff had had a lucky escape, he ought to receive no damages. The defendant's conduct appeared to be of the worst description," concluded the judge, "they thought the plaintiff had had a good riddance of bad rubbish,' they could give her small damages." So that the best defence to an action for breach of promise will henceforth be, that the defendant is a scoundrel, a drunkard, or a brute; ergo, that he has the right to trifle with the affections of a girl; keep company with her till her day has gone by, or till other men carefully reject what in humble society would be called "his leavings;" and then fall back upon his own unfitness for a husband as sufficient excuse. And this preposterous argument is put forth by the logical judge who, in Nattrass v. Yeoman, laid down the diametrically opposite rule. But this case was tried on a Friday, which is the only ground we can discover for the singular antagonism of these two judgments. There must be something after all in Friday being an unlucky day, at least with regard to Mr. Baron Bramwell's reasonings.

A CLEVER DANCER.—You are perhaps aware that one rent in Paris has lately been very considerably raised, so much so in some instances as to require the interference of the authorities. I give you rather a piquant anecdote, which was told me a few days since. Mons. R——, a landscape painter, had a visit lately from his landlord, who announced that he should raise his rent 300 francs for the next term. Mons. R—— protested against this. The landlord asserted that he would have no difficulty in getting 300 francs more for a room so handsomely decorated. "But," explained R——, "it is I who decorated it. To my pencil it owes all its beauty." The landlord was resolute. "Well, then," said the artist, "you may rent it to some one else." The next day tenants by read on the door, "An apartment finely decorated to rent." A lady made her appearance as an applicant. She was introduced to the painter's room. She had scarcely glanced around it, before she ran out with a scream. Two or three other persons followed with the same result. The proprietor, astonished, went up at last to the painter's chamber, and shrank back in astonishment.

The rich panels and frieze garlands of smiling flowers had been replaced by skulls laid on bones, by skeletons, and other horrible devices suggested by the painter's fancy. The landlord understood it at once, and Mons. R—— is still in the same lodgings.—Paris Cor.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.—Accounts from Vera Cruz, dated the 22nd ult., states that the work of constructing a railroad from Mexico to Tacubaya was about to be commenced under favorable auspices.

The New Orleans Picayune has a letter dated the 30th ult., which says that the country is at present tranquil as it is possible for it to be with a priest-ridden inimical to liberal ideas. The power that Senor Comonfort wields has happily had no depreciating effects upon him; he remains as simple and unpretending as when he was first elevated to it. He travels daily to and from Tacubaya, alone, without even a single aid-de-camp, and he sometimes travels in a hired carriage. He in his manner goes to the theatre alone, and occupies his family box; and he goes alone at night to see his respected mother. At the palace his pomp is limited to a single aid-de-camp to announce visitors as they arrive, or persons coming on business, all of whom he invariably receives in an amiable manner—the poor as well as the rich, the shabby as well as the well dressed. He is a true republican magistrate. He is a brave and sincere President, has a generous heart, and makes himself esteemed by all that know him. He is a ranger to pride, and is the exact opposite of the storied Santa Anna.

A MARINE LOCOMOTIVE.—Mr. Wm. Lonsdale, a machinist of Memphis, Tennessee, has invented what he terms a Marine Locomotive, and which is designed to be substituted for the present steam water craft, by making the base of the boat the propelling power instead of paddle-wheels, as now used. The invention consists in using two huge parallel hollow screws, in the place of the present keel, and revolving them by means of steam power, so that they will cut their way through the water as a common screw cuts into wood. The screws are constructed of iron, and, as before stated, are hollow, but are divided into compartments, as a precaution against sinking, in case of accident. The cabin of the Locomotive will be constructed on frame-work, elevated above the screws, and will altogether be more pleasantly situated than the cabins of our river steamers, admitting the passage of fresh air beneath its whole length and breadth. It is believed that when fairly upon the water and under advantageous circumstances, the Locomotive can make about thirty miles per hour, and thus compete with our railroad trains as good as well as in safety. The model has been upon trial, and has performed to the satisfaction of the inventor and numerous witnesses.

RETURNS OF BREADSTUFFS.—A reliable breadstuff circular, prepared in New York, shows that the exports of breadstuffs to Great Britain and Ireland, from the various ports in the United States, during the year ending on the 31st ultimo, were as follows, as near as yet can be ascertained:—Flour, 2,733 barrels, against only 172,761 to about the same period in 1855; wheat, 7,850,012 bushels, against 309,077; and corn, 6,622,209, against 6,764,—. The exports of the latter part of August from different ports have to be added to the above figures; but the statement is a sufficient illustration of the enormous increase in the shipments of flour and wheat during the past twelve months over the year preceding. The exports to the continent of Europe, which are but a small fraction of those to Great Britain, exhibit an equally large increase.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 250—Adults 78, and children 172.

AN HORRIBLE BLUNDER.—A citizen from the West, talking on one of our river boats, praising a "real rale" regard to the Presidency, when asked for whom he should vote, answered, Granville Stokes! A burst of laughter followed the unconsidered, which was in no wise diminished when he gave as a reason that, "If in old times it took 'nine tailors to make a man,' now, one such tailor as Granville Stokes could make many men," hence his preferences; and further illustrate his point, he invited the entire company to call at No. 209 Chestnut Street, where they would be invited to judge for themselves.

THOSE WHO HAVE USED THE OXYGENATED BITTERS for Dyspepsia, attest the superior efficacy of this medicine. Its health-restoring qualities not being subject to any relapse from stimulants, is the secret of its great success.

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but as much is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured in every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 8th, 1856.

Dr. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen,—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Epilepsy, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I ever recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the commencement, my right arm became gradually PARALYSED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition, the solicitations of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single Fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost fully restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple dozen of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted in any case, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

The undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify to the correct as therein set forth.

William Kinnear, | C. B. Brown,
C. B. Sanders, | G. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones, | Thomas Woods,
J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 56 CHESTNUT St. aug26-tf

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 3 and 5 Ann Street, New York.
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E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 3 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 181 William street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for Agents. sept13-tf

RUMORED DECLENSION OF MR. FILLMORE.—Considerable excitement was created, this morning, by a telegraphic despatch which was received from Buffalo, New York, announcing the declension of Mr. Fillmore. Upon making inquiry, we learned that the rumor originated from the fact that the ex-President had said that he declined wearing inferior garments when such splendid clothes could be obtained at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut Street.

☞ WE LEARN FROM DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC that A. W. Ladd, Esq., of Boston, Mass., was officially notified by the last mail from Europe that he had been admitted as a brother member of the Grand Imperial Society of Piano Forte Makers of Paris, as a distinctive mark of honor.

MODERN INVENTIONS!—We know of no invention of modern times that deserves or is destined to occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame, than the discovery or invention of the Vegetable Epileptic Pills for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all the various modifications of Nervous Disease. Dr. Seth S. Hance, of 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, of all the benevolent portion of mankind, who experience a pleasure by the alleviation of human suffering. Persons at a distance, by writing and sending a remittance to Dr. Hance, can have the medicine forwarded by mail to their post office address, he paying the postage. The prices are for a single box $3, (two boxes $5, or $24 per dozen. We have given his address above.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 69 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jy7-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Fairmount, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. FRANCIS FORD, to Miss MARY A. MCALLISTER, both of Manayunk.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JOHN S. WILTBANKS, of South Carolina, to ANNA T. BILLINGSLEA, of this city.

On the 10th of April, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. AUGUSTUS GREENEWALD, to Miss HANNAH BRYANT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. C. W. Carman, Mr. WILLIAM PARSON, to Miss EMMA M. daughter of the late James Reeves, Esq. both of this city.

On the 24th of Aug. 1855, by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, Mr. WILLIAM MCGILL, to Miss EMMA PAUL, both of Philadelphia.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Edward Mullin, WILLIAM COOK, of Newark, N. J. to LIZZIE, daughter of Jas. Beatty, of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN F. WALKER, Jr. to Miss HANNAH H. POTTS, of Berks county.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM BOYD, of St. Louis, to Miss MARGARET A. HARPER, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. DAVID BECKERT, to Miss MARGIE M. WARNER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Elliott, Mr. WALTER JONES to Miss MARTHA BLISH, both of this city.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. M. G. Clark, Mr. GEORGE LAND, to Miss LIZZIE C. SCHAEFER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Henry Day, Mr. CHARLES D. WALTON, to Miss HENRIETTA F. SPITTALL, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. R. M. Greenbank, Mr. JOHN SHAW, of Montgomery county, to Miss EMMA BRITLAND, of Manayunk.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. George A. Latimer, Mr. WILLIAM H. BIDWELL, to Miss SUSAN BENNER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, D. D., Mr. JOHN R. CRAWFORD, to Miss MARTHA W. LARNEY, both of Philadelphia.

In New York, on the 4th of June, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. James Oaw, of Gloucester county, N. Jersey, to Miss MARY C. HOWELL, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 7th of Aug. by the Rev. P. Coombe, SAMUEL H. FRAZIER, to Miss MARIA MANSFIELD, both of this city.

At Baltimore, on the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. A. W. Wayman, JOSEPH W. CURTIS, to Miss SARAH A. PROCTOR, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th of May, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ROBERT H. ROWELL, to Miss ELIZA L. ASH, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Franklin, Mr. JOHN M. DERBY, to MARY S. daughter of Capt. David Smith, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Robert Watts, Mr. JAMES PATTERSON, to MARY J. daughter of the late Francis MCAVOY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, JULIA, wife of George W. Wall, aged 21 years.
On the 2d instant, THOMAS DOUGHERTY, aged 31 years.
On the 3d instant, JOSEPH PIM, aged 60 years.
On the 2d instant, Mr. SAMUEL FERGUSON, aged 45 years.
On the 3d instant, Mrs. SOPHIA LEWIS, aged 77 years.
On the 3d instant, MARGARET COYLE, aged 35 years.
On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH MCGINNIS, aged 2 years and 7 months.
On the 3d instant, ANNA DEAL, daughter of Wm. and Sarah Miller, aged 2 years and 8 months.
At his residence, near New Hope, Bucks county, Pa. HOSEA M. HEACOCK, aged 48 years.
On the 2d instant, HUGH, son of JOHN Madden, aged 6 years and 4 months.
On the 3d instant, HUGH O'DONNELL, aged 36 years.
On the 3d instant, RACHEL B. daughter of Wesley and Jane Graham, aged 6 years and 6 months.
On the 3d instant, PRISCILLA, relict of the late Wm. Lamb, aged 68 years.
On the 2d instant, MARGARET D. wife of Chas. B. Foster, aged 27 years.
In Stroudsville, Ohio, on the 26th ultimo, HANNAH, wife of David Roth, formerly of Philadelphia.
On the 2d instant, MARY ANN, daughter of John and Rachel Goodfellow, aged 23 years.
On the 2d instant, JOHN B. DUNTAP, aged 46 years.
On the 2d instant, Mr. JONATHAN HOOD, aged 58 years.
On the 1st instant, MANSFIELD CLARK, aged 44 years.
On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN A. GALLAGHER, son of Mrs. Rebecca Foley, aged 30 years.
On the 1st instant, WILLIAM STREET, aged 16 years.
On the 2d instant, EMMA JANE, wife of Thos. Whittington, aged 27 years.
On the 1st instant, Miss EMMA D. daughter of Robert and Phoebe McMullen, aged 21 years.
On the 1st instant, THOMAS JEFFERSON, son of Joseph and Rebecca Jequit, aged 5 years.
On the 31st ultimo, JACOB PYLE, aged 81 years.
On the 1st instant, CORNELIA, daughter of John and Mary Low, aged 3 years and 4 months.
On the 30th ultimo, ADAM L. FAHNY, aged 23 years.
On the 1st instant, Mrs. ESTHER FAHNY, aged 77 years.
On the 30th ultimo, ELIZABETH L. wife of Gen. R. Gilmor, aged 33 years.
On the 31st ultimo, Capt. PATRICK HAYES, aged 57 years.
On the 30th ultimo, GERTIE J. PICKERING, aged 11 years.
On the 29th ultimo, WILLIAM H. son of Chas. H. and Ann Mellor, aged 23 years.
On the 30th ultimo, IDA, daughter of Robert and Rebecca Sherrie, aged 2 years and 6 months.
On the 31st ultimo, HENRY, son of James and Eliza Hazlett, aged 2 years and 9 months.
On the 31st ultimo, LOUISA, wife of Andrew Smith, aged 37 years.
On the 31st ultimo, FRANCES GOODCHILD, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 29th ultimo, CATHARINE MCKEON, aged 65 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mr. HENRY MARSHALL.
On the 30th ultimo, SARAH DALLAMORE, aged 31 years.

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(Read what the Editor of the Ladies' National Magazine says of it in the number for October.)

"The author of this book, Mrs. Hannah Widdifield, was celebrated, for nearly fifty years, as a cake baker and pastry-cook in Philadelphia. None of the receipts have ever before been published. They have been tried for years, by hundreds of Mrs. Widdifield's pupils, many of whom we know personally; and we can, therefore, conscientiously recommend them. They have, moreover, the advantage of not being too extravagant, as most receipts in modern cook books are; and they also comprise everything relating to the table, preserving, &c. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best work on the subject there is. The great majority of the cook-books, it is well known to the initiated, are made by incompetent persons, who have never tried the receipts they profess to recommend. We advise all to purchase this one at once."

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UNITED STATES
AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.
OFFICE 160 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.
THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE
United States Agricultural Society,
Will be held at POWELTON, (Philadelphia,) on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, October 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.

Premiums from TWENTY-FIVE to TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, amounting in the aggregate to FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, will be offered for the various classes of Domestic Animals, Fruits, American Wines, Vegetables, Grains, and Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

A Local Committee at Philadelphia, representing the various branches of Industry, has been appointed to co-operate with the officers of the Society, in perfecting arrangements for the Exhibition. And FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS have been guaranteed to meet expenses. This material aid, coupled with the excellence of the selected location, and the large amount of Premiums offered, induces the expectation that the Exhibition of 1856, will be superior to any of its predecessors.

A Grand Agricultural Banquet, in which ladies as well as gentlemen will participate, will take place on Friday, October 10th, when distinguished gentlemen will address the assemblage.

Favorable arrangements with the various railroads, for the transportation of stock and other articles are in progress, the terms of which will be given on application at the office.

The List of Entries, the Awards of Premiums, and the Proceedings, will be published in the Journal of the Society for 1856.

The Premium List, with the Regulations and Programme of the Exhibition, will be furnished on application to Mr. JOHN MCOWAN, Assistant Secretary of the UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, 160 Chestnut Street, (Rooms of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society,) or by addressing the secretary, at Boston

MARSHALL P. WILDER, President.
WILLIAM S. KING, Secretary.
September 1st, 1856.

☞ Editors are respectfully requested to give the above one insertion in their Journals. sep13-3t

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CHAPTER. PAGE.
I. Records our Hero makes his bow and commences his Progress, 6
II. Van Packs, 13
III. Larimer, an Garcon, 21
IV. Poor Little Rose, 28
V. Exaggerator Bill Receives a Morning Call 36
VI. After the Opera, 44
VII. Mr. and Mrs. Crump 51
VIII. Mr. Weasel makes a Discovery, 63
IX. Lorimer calls in the aid of Captain Kelly, 71
X. Rose receives a Morning Call, 78
XI. Mr. Weasel reserves his Old Splendidity, 87
XII. Captain Kelly performs his Mission, 94
XIII. Mr. Bosher's Strange Client, 101
XIV. Pleasant Prospects for Lorimer, 108
XV. Job Peck's Holiday, 115
XVI. Further Adventures of Mr. Job Peck and his Master, 122
XVII. Lorimer makes a Lover and makes a Speech, 131
XVIII. Beseech'm Littlegood and Another, 137
XIX. Another Runaway, 143
XX. How the Littlegoods bore Reverse of Fortune, 153
XXI. Bill Bennoch entertains his Friends in an Unpersuaded Manner, 160
XXII. Peg Todd meets an Old Friend, 168
XXIII. Lorimer makes a Negotiation, 173
XXIV. Professor Dabchick, 180
XXV. Professor Dabchick in Philosophy, 186
XXVI. In the Matter of Richard Bennoch, a Minor, 194
XXVII. Lorimer's First Appearance on any Stage, 202
XXVIII. A Fatson hovers over a Dove, 208
XXIX. Lorimer meets with New Friends and an Old One, 216
XXX. Mrs. Bennoch astonishes the Court of Chancery, 225
XXXI. "Arcades Ambo," 234
XXXII. Over the Water, 241
XXXIII. An Unexpected Rencontre, 250
XXXIV. Is he Jealous? 259
XXXV. Mr. Fatson's Guardianship terminates suddenly, 268
XXXVI. Confession and Sympathy, 276
XXXVII. A Departure and an Unpleasant Surprise, 282
XXXVIII. Rose astonishes a Lawyer, 291
XXXIX. An Introduction, 298
XL. Mother Shaddlum, 306
XLI. The Conspiracy, 311
XLII. In which our Story is brought to a Close, 318

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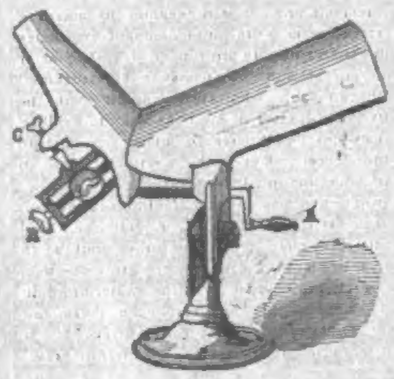

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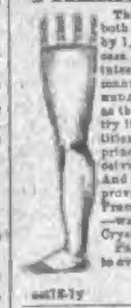

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THE FEMALE'S MILLENIUM.—THE SEWING MACHINE is one of the facts of the age, destined soon to become one of our household gods, and the commencement of the female's millenium cannot be far distant. Long ages of toil and suffering seem to have nearly satisfied the "curse," and the fairer portion of creation will soon enter upon their reward.
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Wit and Humor.

RECIPROCITY SOLD.—Two gentlemen from New York, one of whom had been in California nearly a year, and the other just arrived, were accidentally overheard in the following conversation at the Sutter House, Sacramento. The new comer was lamenting his condition, and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked the other if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have. I have a wife and six children in New York—and I never saw one of them."

After this the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced:

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and a longer pause of silence. Then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "*one of them* was born after I left."

"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed.

After that the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as "the man who has six children and never saw one of them."

INTERPOLATING AN OATH.—We were considerably amused yesterday, at the recital of an anecdote illustrative of the difficulties which are sometimes encountered in the collection of claims. It appears that many years ago, the clerk of one of the courts in this section of the State had made frequent unsuccessful efforts to recover the amount of certain fee bills which he held against a slippery citizen residing in a neighboring county. Whenever the bills were presented, there was sure to be some obstacle to the payment of the amount due; and thus, from time to time, the settlement was deferred, until our clerk began to believe that his debtor should be ranked among those unprincipled knaves who infest all communities, and disgrace humanity by dishonestly refusing to pay their just liabilities. An opportunity was, however, soon offered him of bringing the delinquent "to law." It happened that the fellow was summoned as a witness in a certain case, and the usual oath had to be administered to him by our friend, the clerk. It was put in this wise: "You solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, *and also pay me those five bills you owe*, before you leave town—so help your God!" There was no getting over this, and being fairly circumvented by the wily clerk, the countryman lost no time after the adjournment of the court in proceeding to his office and forking over.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—In a village, not a thousand miles from this city, there lives a quiet, unobtrusive young lawyer. A modest fellow is M———, (merit is always modest,) but he knows his rights, "and knowing, dares maintain them." Like a great many others, he is "following the practice," and anticipates "a glorious time" when he overtakes it. Some time since, having been retained in some small cases, he made his appearance before that august dignitary, an Alabama Justice of the Peace. "His Honor" evidently lost faith in M——— at first sight; for one after another his cases "collapsed" under the "stunning" charges delivered by the Court.

The law and the testimony were alike unavailing. M———'s cases were bound to go. At last human nature could bear no more. M———, rising from his seat, delivered himself in his usual slow and measured manner—

"The Court can fine me five dollars!"

"For what, Mr. ———?" said the Justice, somewhat surprised.

"For contempt of Court," coolly rejoined M———.

"I am not aware, Mr. M———," said the Court, "of your having been guilty of anything that might be considered contempt."

"I know your Honor is not aware of it," said M———, "but I do entertain a profound contempt for this Court."

PERPETUAL MOTION.—Some years ago at Glasgow an eccentric barber of the name of Richard Witherspoon proclaimed that he had found out the theory of perpetual motion. Richard had wit and a considerable share of humor; his chief fault was rather too frequent offerings at the shrine of Bacchus. One fine afternoon in summer he appeared in his breeches and waistcoat, wanting his shoes, with a night-cap on his head, in the market, jumping and skipping about, and exclaiming, "God be praised, I've found it! I've found it! my bread's baken! my bread's baken!" The people of the market immediately gathered about Richard, crying, "What's this, Richie? What hae ye found?" "What hae I found? I've discovered the *perpetual movement!* Ye'll ne'er see Richie Witherspoon scum the chafts o' the ungodly for a bawbee, a' your days again. Twenty thousand pound! twenty thousand pound! My bread's baken! I'm gaun up to Lunnon the morn." "Ay, Richie, that's fortunate, we wad like to see't." "Oh, weel, I wat ye may see't and hear't too," says Richie, "it's our gudewife's *tongue*; it's gaen sax weeks, night and day, and it'll never stap mair!"—*The Barber's Shop.*

"GUESSING" TIME.—It is recorded of a minister, in the early settlement of the country, that he broke off in the midst of a sermon, and exclaimed, "*I guess yer all asleep, ain't ye?*" Upon hearing of this, a young man arose, in the midst of the congregation, and said, "*I guess we ain't half asleep.*" An action was instituted against the offender, and he was brought up to trial for speaking in "*sermon time.*" When the penalty was about to be adjudged, the defendant obtained his liberty, and his case, and overthrew the logic of the persecution by declaring to their honors, and the jury, if they had one, that he had *not* spoken in "sermon time," but in "guessing time," and he said he thought "there was no law against speaking in guessing time." The judge thought so too, and let him go at liberty.

FOOLING HIS HORSE.—"I engaged," says a traveller, "a chaise at Galway, to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far, when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the driver coming to the door opened it.

"'What are you at, man; this isn't where I ordered you to stop,' said I.

"'Whist, your honor, whist!' ejaculated Paddy, 'I'm only deaving the baste. If I bang the door he'll think ye're out, and'll cut up the hill like a divil.'"

A JUDGE BAFFLED.—It is related of Thomas F. Marshall, that a Judge having once fined him thirty dollars for contempt of Court, he arose and asked the Judge to loan him the money, as he hadn't it, and there was no friend present to whom he could so well apply as to his honor.

This was a stumper. The Judge looked at Tom and then at the clerk, and finally said:

"Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fine; the State is better able to lose $30 than I am."

☞ Once, at table, Pitt was expatiating on the superiority of the Latin over the English language, and cited as an instance the fact that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative could do. "Then your father and mother," said Lord Thurlow, "must have been themselves two negatives to have introduced into the world such a positive fellow as you are."

THAT DAN RUNNING.—A young buck went to see the daughter of a Presbyterian elder lately, whose house was near a mill-dam. It being the spring of the year, the waters made considerable of a roar as they tumbled over the dam. The modest young gentleman tapped lightly at the door at first and received no answer. He tapped again—still no answer. Again and again he repeated his knock, but still he was unheard. Mustering up courage, he proceeded to inflict some severe thumps on the door, which brought the staid old gentleman out.

"I suppose," said the youngster, who had by this time become slightly savage, from being compelled to wait so long; "I suppose you could not hear me knocking for the dam roaring."

"The *dam* roaring! What do you mean, sir? How dare you speak in that way?" said the divine, somewhat angered at hearing the young man swear in his presence.

"I mean to say, sir, that I suppose you could not hear my knocking on account of the dam roaring."

"Dam roaring, again! You young scoundrel! Have you the impudence to insult me with a repetition of those words? Begone, sir!"

"My dear sir," quoth the now bewildered youth, "I intended to say that I presumed I could not be heard on account of the 'DAM *roaring*,'" laying particular emphasis on the last two words.

"Insult on insult!" shouted the infuriated man, and he rushed at the poor fellow with the evident intention of ejecting him, but was restrained by the voice of his daughter, exclaiming—

"Papa, I suppose the young man intended to say that he could not be heard on account of the roaring of the dam."

"Oh—I beg your pardon, sir—I beg your pardon—walk in, walk in, really—ah, well! I declare! The dam roaring! Capital! Come in, come in. That is *really too rich!*"

It is needless to add that the youngster went in, and in the excellent society of the young lady, soon forgot the "dam roaring."

INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.—The parties are a lady of uncertain age, with a decided expression of pain on her features, otherwise quite pretty, her face tied up with a white handkerchief, and a little man, in a snuff-colored surtout, with light hair, and a decidedly woolly style of countenance. Little man fidgets for a while, and then turns to the dame.

"Be you ailin' anything, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, I have a bad toothache, hum!"

"Oh, toothache have ye—well, I know suthin' that'll do ye good."

"What is it, sir; I am suffering very much, and I should like to know?"

"Well, I forgit the name of it, but most anybody 'll know. Be you going to York?"

"Yes, sir, I am going to New York."

"Oh, well, be ye—well, you know Broadway? Yes, well, you go up Broadway till you come to a cross street; I *forgit* the name of the street, but you'll know when you git there; there's lots of people going up and down it. Well, you turn up this street, and I forgit which side, but you'll see; you'll find a 'pothecary shop—you'll know when you see it. There's a good many shops about there, but this is a large one. Then you must ask for—well, I forgit the name—but it's a *powder*. The 'pothecary he'll know. It is dreadful strong—strong as ginger—you must mix the powder—they'll mix it for you—then you must take—well I forgit how much—about a tablespoon, or a teacup, or a small bucket full—and put it on *here*—laying his hand on the *pit of his stomach*—just as hot as you can bear it."

"But, sir," said the lady, "I don't see how *that* is to help a toothache."

"Oh, *toothache* you've got, well I forgot. To be sure—yes, well—*I thought* you said *stomach-ache*."—*New Bedford Mercury.*

☞ Agriculturists have their jokes as well as literary men. Judge Peters, of punning memory, one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, commenced a reform in butter making, as an example that should render Philadelphia what it is, the best butter market in the world. At his first experiment of making sales in the market house, his butter was seized as being of short weight; and his weights were consequently sent to the examiner, coming home stamped, *C. P. for Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.* "Ah!" said the inveterate and veteran wit to his wife, "they've found us out and marked us *C. P., Cheating Peters!*"

ONE OF THE BOYS.—Mother—"Where have you been, Charley?"

Boy—"In the garden, ma."

Mother—"No, you have been swimming; you know how I cautioned you about going to the creek. I will have to correct you. Look at your hair, how wet it is?"

Boy—"Oh, no, ma, this is not water, it is sweat!"

Mother—"Ah, Charley, I have caught you fibbing, your shirt is wrong side out!"

Boy, triumphantly—"Oh, I did that just now, ma, *climbing the fence!*"

ONE OF THE INCORRIGIBLES.—"Young man, do you believe in a future state?"

"In course I does—and what's more, I interd to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

"Go to, young man, you are incorrigible. Go to."

"Go *two*? If it wasn't for the law against bigamy, whip me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your years would give such advice to a man just starting in life."

☞ An ignorant man, having been placed on the commission of the peace in a rural district, declared, on taking his seat as a magistrate, "that it would be his most anxious endeavor to do justice without fear, favor, or affection. In short," continued he, emphatically, "I will take care that on this bench I will be neither partial nor impartial."

TOBACCO AND ITS BANEFUL EFFECTS—CAUTION TO PARENTS AND OTHERS.—It has been affirmed that of twenty deaths of young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, ten originate in the waste of constitution by smoking! The vicious habit destroys more than the public-house! The use of tobacco is the chief source of general debility, nervous trembling of the hands, weakness of the extremities, cancer of the tongue, disease of the stomach, jaundice, *and in very many instances of insanity*, as the reports of the lunatic asylums plainly testify. If the habit is contracted at too early an age (at the present moment too prevalent a habit) it stunts the growth, and causes *permanent* muscular weakness. Dr. Webster remarks that on post-mortem examinations of the bodies of *inveterate smokers* "emphysema" is always present. Lord Carlisle, in his recent work on Turkey, strongly condemns the use of the weed. He remarks that he had every opportunity of judging for himself from a residence among them, and that the Turks have from constantly smoking well earned for themselves "the title of the lazy Turks!" The late Professor James Johnstone, *in his Chemistry of Common Life*, after recording the opinions of one or two German *savants* in favor of tobacco, adds, "I regret to say that I never in my own *case* derived the same benefits and pleasures from the use of the weed as described by them in their own individual cases."

SHIRT TAKE.—We talk of the miserable price paid for shirt-making, and Hood's touching appeal has embalmed the subject. But in South America shirts are prepared with less labor. In the forests of Omoko there is a tree which often attains the height of fifty feet, from which the natives are said to procure shirts. To procure that confidential garment, it is only necessary to strip off the bark and deprive it of its red fibrous parts. The head is thrust through one end, and lantern holes are cut to admit the arms, and according to Humboldt they are equal to our India rubber goods for keeping out the wet.

YOUNG LADY.—Oh! oh! sir! don't lift him up in that dreadful way!—You might break his teeth.

Agricultural.

THE DAIRY FARM.

This is a good time to commence making loaf or truckle cheeses, which are made from six to nine inches deep and about nine across. It being rather difficult to fill vats of this description, it has been found more convenient to have the vats made of small staves in the same manner as a pail or bucket with white hoops round them, and without bottoms, a piece of board rather larger than the vat being provided to place at the bottom when the cheeses are being made, and kept underneath until they are turned out; this being apart from the vat makes it much easier for taking the cheese out for the convenience of turning and salting; the shape of the cheese therefore will be much improved by this plan. These cheeses if not made with great care are very apt to bulge in the sides, and thereby lose their beauty; and not only is the appearance affected, but the quality also is inferior when the cheeses do not retain the proper shape of straightness on the sides, and flatness on the top; the shape consequently marks the quality; sometimes broad bandages are kept round these cheeses for a time, when first placed on the shelves, to prevent their getting out of shape, but this is seldom necessary when the cheese is well made. When the vat is about half full, a small tablespoonful of fine salt should be put into the middle of the cheese, and well rubbed into the curd, taking care that it does not spread to the outside, which would cause it to separate and be of injury to the cheese. In making truckle cheeses the curd should be quite sweet, thoroughly crumbled, and made as dry as possible before filling the vats, and it should be pressed very firmly in with the hands, and allowed to remain in the press four or five days, turning them every day, and salting them three times. Truckle cheeses after being kept 12 months are fit for use, they always bring a higher price than other cheeses, and are recommended as the most convenient size for the table, and when the top is carefully cut off in one piece, it can be used as a cover to the cheese, which will keep it from becoming dry during the time of consumption; exposure to the air invariably deprives all cheese of its original freshness of flavor. This form of cheese is in some dairies made throughout the whole season, and in others none but these truckle cheeses are ever made. There is, however, a risk under ordinary management of their bulging and heaving during the extreme heat of the summer, owing to fermentation; and this difficulty does, therefore, in most dairies confine the making of this sort of cheese to the autumn months, when less heat interferes with the ripening of it. The fact is that few people know how to make good "truckles;" the difficulty being, however, connected with the quality of the pasture as well as with the skill of the dairy-maid. Whereas on almost any pasture good thin cheese may be made, yet truckle seems to require a peculiar quality of grass.

A word or two may be added on Devonshire cream. In making Devonshire cream for the table, and also for butter, the method is to set up tins of milk for 12 hours, then place them either upon a stove or upon an iron stand in a furnace of boiling water; the milk should be heated until quite scalding, and a skin appears to form over the surface of the cream; but it should not boil. It should then be carefully taken back to the dairy, and allowed to stand 12 hours longer before it is skimmed, when the cream will be found of great thickness, and can readily be made into butter by merely beating it in a bowl with the hand; half an hour is generally a sufficient time for this operation. This plan of course only allows of the milk being once skimmed; butter made thus is generally very sweet and good, and it is imagined there is no loss of cream, the extra thickness quite making up for the loss of the second skimming of the milk. The Devonshire method of butter making may be practised with advantage in a small dairy, but would not be so serviceable as a churn in a large one.

Any of the herd of dairy cows not expected to calve next season should now be dried and turned off as grazers, as the flesh they will gain before winter is of more value than their milk for the remainder of the season; and by giving them a good run of grass, they will have made considerable advance towards fatness, so that when the keep in the grass field becomes short, they will be in such condition as to be sold at once to advantage, or by giving them some early turnips, and a little hay, they would soon become very good beef, if their room is required for other fattening stock, or if it should not be thought that this dairy stock would pay for a greater consumption of winter food.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

POTATO DISEASE AND ELECTRICITY.—I earnestly request your readers to watch vigilantly the effect of the next thunderstorm on potatoes. For five years my attention has been steadily directed to the subject, and I now hesitatingly declare my fixed conviction that the immediate cause of the potato disease is electricity acting upon wet tubers. So certain of this have I been for a long time, that I have been able to predict again and again the day of its appearance, always within three days of a storm. If the weather continue damp, the tubers become extensively affected; if hot and dry, as now, then only a few are touched. But I want others to be convinced as well as myself; hence this appeal. A curious illustration occurred the last storm we had. The haulm was struck diagonally across a plot I have, about 50 feet long by 6 wide; all outside this space escaping injury. Two years ago I planted iron rods at the corners of the ground, and connected them by wires. The potatoes so protected were none of them affected. I have communicated my thoughts to Messrs. Mechi, Lawes, and others, but a wide-spread scrutiny is, I think, to be best obtained by publishing them in your journal. Supposing I am right, it has been asked, what benefit will accrue? I reply, knowledge is power; and although there is still an important question to solve, viz., the reason why potatoes were not susceptible of this malign influence before 1845, yet it will be something to emancipate ourselves from a multitude of erroneous theories, and the first truth being established, the second will probably soon follow. In the meantime, dry planting, dry manures, and lightning conductors are all indicated as likely in some measure to arrest the evil.—*James Quatter Rumball, Surgeon, Harpenden Hall, St. Alban's, Herts, England.*

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

It is, to us, no small matter of congratulation, that the attention of the public is being yearly more and more turned to the improvement of our rural homes by the planting of fruit and ornamental trees. We admire, we love trees. They beautify, they enrich the country. From our earliest youth, we have always considered a tree one of the most beautiful objects of nature. We shall never forget the first time, although but eight years of age, we beheld the noble, stately and majestic elm, which towers over the village green, the pride of the citizens of Pittsfield, in Massachusetts. It is one of the monarchs of the primeval forest, and is cherished and nursed with the greatest care at the present time. It may be seen for miles before reaching the village. What is it, let us ask, that renders our eastern towns and villages so beautiful, so lovely, so enchanting? We answer, it is trees. Let us then commence at once and set out trees.

Spring is the season we find the most pleasure in making our rural improvements, and from this circumstance, probably, it has become the most general season for planting trees; but in our experience fall planting has been the most successful, particularly for fruit and deciduous trees, especially when droughts occur, as the trees when planted in autumn suffer little or none from that cause, when those set out in the spring often perish in consequence of it.

It is a great fault with many, in digging holes for trees, to make them altogether too small and contracted, and instead of spreading the small roots, as they should do, they are very apt to crowd them down with the spade, not only bruising but cutting them off, to the great injury of the tree. Our practice has been—and we have been very successful, too, particularly with forest trees—to make the holes somewhat larger than is necessary to admit the roots in their natural position, and of sufficient depth to allow the tree to be placed two or three inches deeper than it was before transplanting. If there be any broken or wounded roots, we cut them off. Care should be taken, when the tree is taken up, to have as much of the earth adhere to the roots as possible. Previous to placing the tree, let from two to four shovels full of composted manure, or what is still better, vegetable mould taken from the surface in a wood lot, in proportion to the size of the tree, be incorporated with the earth in the hole, and the whole made fine previous to filling it in; and during the filling in of the earth, let the tree be worked to and fro, in order that the finer particles of the soil may be admitted, and fill the spaces under the roots. In order to make it more certain, one or two pails full of rain or brook water thrown on the roots, will cause the earth to adhere more firmly to them; and when completely filled up, let the ground be well trodden down, and finish by making a hollow or basin around the tree to catch the rain and convey it to the roots, or to receive the watering which it will be necessary to give it, should the season prove dry. If the tree is small and the roots scant, it will be necessary to drive a stake beside and tie the tree to it, with a bandage of some soft material, to prevent chafing, as well as to prevent the winds from loosening the small roots. When larger trees are planted, that have wide spreading roots, rocks placed around the trunk will answer a good purpose.

A tree properly planted will grow as much in five years, as one carelessly and badly set will in ten; and often the chance of living is dependent on this slight circumstance.

In transplanting evergreens we have been particularly fortunate, seldom losing a tree. We planted quite a number of larches, arbor vitæs and cypress last year, on Staten Island, and only lost one. In the summer of 1838, when living on our farm, near the city of Albany, we planted in a clump, near the house, thirty white pines, some fifteen or sixteen feet in height, on the 25th day of May. It was a drizzling rain when we accompanied our men into the field where these pines grew. We first caused a trench to be dug around the tree, leaving a ball of earth about the roots three feet in diameter; then pulling the top over, a man on the opposite side cut off the small tap-roots, then hauling it over the other side, the roots were also cut. A stone sled was then put under the ball of earth, and the tree righted, with ropes attached to the top, and then started by a yoke of cattle—the men walking by the side, in opposite directions, with the ropes to keep the tree in a perpendicular position. When arrived at the pit where we intended the tree should stand, the oxen were disengaged, the tree moved from the sled into the pit, and the earth carefully and firmly placed around the roots. This was repeated until the whole number of thirty were set out. They all lived, with the exception of four or five on the outer side, which were disturbed by a severe wind in the fall after, by loosening the roots. Those left flourished and grew vigorously, and when we last saw them, about three years ago, they were from forty to fifty feet in height, with trunks of from ten to twelve inches in diameter.

In the month of June following, we transferred to our poultry-yard, when the mercury stood at eighty degrees, six larches from a swamp, taking the same pains in setting them, and they all lived, and are now large and flourishing trees.—*Correspondent Genesee Farmer.*

HOW AND WHEN TO APPLY GUANO.—1st. That guano is best applied in damp or showery weather. 2d. That guano should not generally be put on grass land in the spring later than April. 3d. That when guano is applied to arable land, it should immediately be mixed with the soil, either by harrowing or otherwise. 4th. That when the wheat is sown very early in the autumn, a less than usual amount of guano must at that time be applied, and the rest in the spring. The wheat otherwise might become too luxuriant, and be injured by subsequent frosts. 5th. That guano, and artificial manures in general, should be put on the land only in quantities sufficient for the particular crop intended to be grown, and not with the intention of assisting the succeeding one. Each crop should be separately manured. 6th. That guano, before application, should be mixed with at least from five to six times its weight of ashes, charcoal, salt or fine soil. 7th. That guano should on no account be allowed to come in direct contact with the seed."—*Mark Lane Express, Eng.*

THE CULTIVATION OF WHEAT.—As another harvest is gathered, the farmers of New York again have an opportunity to judge of the products and value of the different varieties of wheat sown in the fall. Fearing the depredations of the midge, many have sown the Mediterranean variety, believing that its long beards and early maturing would prevent the working of that insect. The long beard is useless, however, and the early maturing is its only protection from these depredations. Taking into consideration the quality of the grain, and the yield per acre, it will not be advisable to sow the Mediterranean wheat, if two-thirds of a crop can be obtained from the White Flint or Soles variety. It is for the interest of the farmers of Western New York to furnish the millers with wheat which will make the best quality of flour made in any quarter of the globe. If they should cease growing the choice varieties, the loss would be greater than that occasioned by the midge.

To guard against the midge and the Hessian fly, much attention should be paid to the preparation of the soil and the time of sowing. If we sow before the fifth of September, the wheat is liable to be injured by the Hessian fly, and if we sow after that date, the midge is to be feared; for, other things being equal, the earliest sown is the earliest matured. Much also depends on sowing seed that was fully matured before being gathered, and wheat cut when it will make the most and the best flour, is not fit to sow. Wheat which is fully ripe when cut, is preferable for sowing, as it has proved to be more hardy and not so liable to be injured by the fly.

The farmer who believes that wheat will turn to chess, and yet sows wheat that contains chess, injures himself as well as the miller, for chess-wheat will not make superior flour. No wheat should be sown which has other seeds mixed with it, as it will take years to clear them from the land. If those who believe so the change from wheat to chess, will sow nothing but pure wheat, they will in time clear their lands of chess. When once introduced, however, it will take several years with the closest attention to disperse it; for it ripens early, and mixes with the wheat in cutting, and produces another growth. Farmers should be careful to frequently change their seed-wheat. If they procure it from a distance, and from different soils, the improvement in their crops will compensate them for their trouble and expense. I have found some new varieties do well in favorable seasons, but when the grounds were bare most of the winter, there would be almost a total failure. Most of the varieties from Europe are later in ripening, and not hardy.—*R. Harmon, in N. Y. Chronicle.*

WINE MAKING.—There has been so much mystery thrown around wine making, that many are deterred from the effort that have an abundance of grapes. But as we have said before, every family that has two grape vines on the lot, may make wine enough for home consumption, better and cheaper than they can *import* it from the grocer's factory. We will give, for the benefit of our readers, our *modus operandi* of wine making.

Let the grapes be fully ripe; gather them in clear, dry weather; look over the bunches and pick out all imperfect and rotted berries. Now have the wooden troughs, trays or tubs perfectly clean and sweet, and mash the bunches on the stems by hand; as the tray is filled, empty the mass into a clean tub, and so continue until all the grapes are mashed; stir the whole mass together in the tub, and leave it for fermentation; in a few hours bubbles will begin to rise, and in twenty-four to thirty-six, the mass will become so agitated that it will boil like a pot over the fire; watch it closely now, and as the fermentation subsides; put the mass into strong bags, and by some strong lever power, press the juice out; after the juice is all extracted, place it in a clean vessel and try its strength; if an egg will float in it so as to show the size of a quarter of a dollar, the juice will keep without the addition of sugar or brandy; if the egg sinks, add good brown sugar until it rises. Now turn the juice into a sweet cask; five, ten or thirty gallons, according to the quantity of the liquid; set the cask in a quiet, shady place in the attic or in the cellar. (We prefer the attic.) Leave the bung out, and from a pitcher of the juice, which should be reserved for the purpose, fill up the cask three, four or five times a day, for eight days; in the meantime, all the impurities in the juice will work out at the bung hole; after eight days place the bung slightly in the hole. Let it so remain for eight days longer, then drive it in and seal up the cask as tight as possible. Let the cask remain perfectly quiet, and any time after the March following, it may be drawn off and bottled. It will be no injury to the wine if it remain upon the lees for two or three years before it is bottled, as it ripens better and fattens upon the lees, but it may be used as soon as the March after making.—*Soil of the South.*

SOWING TIME.—The Northern States—Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire—should not fail to get in their wheat during the first week of September; Massachusetts should do her sowing by the 15th of September, if not earlier. Should any farmer require reasons for sowing so early, we answer, and will further submit a wholesome practice for him to adopt.

1. Plough in the stubble (with manure if you have it) of an exhausted mowing field.

2. Plough *deep*, whether it be a tilled or mowing field.

3. Soak the wheat over night in salt pickle, to destroy insects, and skim off foul seed; see that no chess is in your seed wheat. It resembles the seed of twich grass.

4. Rake the seed with ashes and lime when wet, and it will come up in three to five days.

5. Sow a bushel and a half to three-quarters to the acre.

6. Cultivate in, three inches deep, with a horse plough, or cultivator.

7. If you have no manure, sow ashes, or ashes and lime, upon the field, and cultivate in with the grain.

8. Let this work be done the first and second week in September.

Early sowing, and deep planting, that the roots get well imbedded, are positive proofs against winter-kill or clayey soils. To wait till the corn or potato crop is taken off in October, then sow wheat, and slightly harrow in, gives but a meagre chance for the roots to fasten themselves against the attacks of thawing and freezing, called "winter-kill"—thus, being thrown out to die.

Two weeks' growth gained in autumn is two weeks gained in spring—and most important of all, *two weeks gained upon dog-days*, with their rusting, blighting effect. Could it be said to every New England farmer, and the advice heeded, sow three acres of winter, and two acres of spring wheat, annually, for three years, I am sure it is no exaggeration to say, they would all have bread for their families, and have grain to sell.—*Correspondent of N. E. Farmer.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Children are charmed with the story of Robinson Crusoe; men of thought are not less delighted with the narrative, but they have recourse to it also as a book instructing them in some of the most valuable truths of philosophy. He must possess a far lower than a merely ordinary mind who leaves the perusal of this wonderful book without having acquired from it a new insight into his own nature, the means of avoiding the evil, and attaining to the good—without having perceived how many infant faculties of his being might by training be made to assume grand proportions, and be endowed with vast strength. It is a great religious poem. It is "the drama of solitude," the object of which is to show that in the most wretched state of desertion there still remains within the human breast a power of life independent of external circumstances; and that where man is not, there God especially abides.

☞ Pliny says that the way roses were produced prematurely by the Romans, was by watering them with warm water when the buds began to appear.

The Riddler.

SCIENTIFIC ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 78 letters.

My 9, 17, 73, 46, 10, 12, 37, 78, 33, is accumulated electric discharged from the clouds.

My 14, 4, 55, 6, is a sensation of warmth.

My 30, 43, 5, 20, 14, 67, 72, 15, 43, 15, 40, is composed o species of clay mixed with silica.

My 46, 32, 39, 1, 2, 73, 25, 12, is one of the component pa of sugar.

My 44, 11, 72, 19, 15, 61, 12, 21, are periodical currents of which affect the neighborhood of the Arabian, India and Chinese seas.

My 58, 33, 47, 68, 65, is a fluid composed of oxygen and h drogen.

My 55, 3, 9, 30, 31, 53, 41, 71, 37, 12, is occasioned by the mation of bubbles of vapor within the body of the e pensible liquid which rise to the surface and then brea

My 35, 36, 22, 50, 74, 76, 73, 66, is a mixture of charcoal a iron.

My 34, 80, 60, 29, 39, 36, 27, 63, 69, 12, is one of the modes which heat is produced by mechanical action.

My 2, 38, 69, 9, 44, 4, 52, 76, 70, is an alloy of copper and t

My 24, 45, 63, 74, 75, 12, is a solid substance generally of dark or black color.

My 73, 31, 76, 40, 66, is a mixture of silex and an alkali.

My 7, 65, 17, 25, 77, 27, 2, 78, is produced by rubbing any t things together.

My 54, 25, 72, 10, 17, 30, 43, 20, 71, 15, 12, is the constant renewal of fresh air.

My 16, 8, 50, 78, 22, 1, 17, 6, 42, 78, are hollow tubes produc in sandy soils by the action of lightning.

My 28, 66, 75, is a term generally applied to vapors conden ed on land, especially if those vapors are laden wi smoke.

My 67, 4, 41, 18, 37, 61, 45, 23, 52, 71, 2, 12, is a phenomen which sometimes takes place under water.

My 56, 14, 78, 78, 64, 48, 66, 5, 22, 40, is a pale amber-colore substance resembling wax in appearance.

My whole was a distinguished American mechanic and i ventor. GARMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 56, 11, 22, 32, is an article useful in washing.

My 42, 27, 31, is an article much used by ladies.

My 54, 49, 35, 40, 47, 23, is the Christian name of a noted actress.

My 48, 43, 28, is a foreign title.

My 1, 8, 25, is a metallic composition.

My 39, 53, 45, is a small domestic and wild animal.

My 26, 30, 27, is part of a fish.

My 51, 10, 18, belongs to Pluto's regions.

My 17, 16, 29, is strictly devoted to female use.

My 2, 21, 50, is a pronoun.

My 43, 31, 20, 44, was a Roman emperor.

My 4, 3, 5, 46, is a wild animal.

My 13, 19, 5, 20, is what is often seen in deep affliction.

My 32, 24, 5, is that for which string is finally used.

My 7, 14, 44, 38, is the name of an old Saxon god.

My 8, 22, 9, 60, is what a bad piece of money seldom does.

My 36, 34, 5, 45, is that of which we generally have plenty in summer.

My 33, 33, 37, 20, 70, 2, is a place of assemblage.

My 12, 55, 52, is what a ladies dress should always do.

My whole was an event of interest.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 11, 16, 9, 15, is a part of a plant.

My 2, 7, 12, is a name applied to sailors.

My 18, 17, 9, 10, is a title.

My 6, 3, 14, 15, is a body of atmospheric air.

My 13, 1, is a pronoun of the first person.

My 8, 10, 7, 3, 5, means to draw along.

My 4, 7, 18, means to twist round.

My whole is an ancient adage. L. B. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fleet and nimble as the fawn,
Lightly bounding o'er the lawn,
With graceful form and bright black eye
You my first may oft descry.

When the sun in glory bright
Riseth from his couch of light;
When the warblers of the grove
Wake to tune their notes of love;
Merrily o'er hill and glen
Pealeth forth my second then,
Bidding man in joyous lays
Hymn his matin song of praise.

When at evening's stilly hour
Nature weepeth o'er the flower,
And the busy hum of day
Into silence lulls away,
Strains of music lond and clear
From my second greet the ear,
Bidding vesper songs arise
To the God who rules the skies.

A little unpretending gem
Decking Flora's diadem
Is my whole. Then readers mine,
Prithee my charade divine. ELLA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first and third was the hero of Lake Erie;
My second and third is generally composed of twelve.
My whole is a shameful crime.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a participle;
My second is a weight.
My whole is a man who was truly great.

Black Lake Co., N. Y. H. WARD.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of the fifth powers of two numbers is 275; and the difference of their seventh powers is 2,059. The numbers are required? MATHEMATICUS.

Red Brush Hill, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When is a *frost* like a line? ANS.—When it's a plum. (Plumb.)

☞ What tree resembles a sheep? ANS.—The yew. (Ewe.)

☞ The present and past of what verb is a pleasing amusement? ANS.—See saw.

☞ When is a watch like a skein of silk? ANS.—When it's getting wound.

☞ When is the letter X as noisy as a carpenter? ANS.—When it is expounding and explaining.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." LAW ENIGMA.—Sir Wm. Blackstone. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The next Presidential election. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut. CHARADE.—Lord Cornwallis. (Lord-Corn-Wall-is.) CHARADE.—Newton. RIDDLE.—Time. ANAGRAMS.—1. Teodon.—2. Naploue.—3. Bombay.—4. Hebron.—5. Meshid.—6 Amherst.—7. Medina.—8 Agra.—9. Amherst.—10. Poonah.—11. Muscat.—12. Teodon. PROBLEM.—66.67 feet from the foot of the highest tree, and 53.33 feet from the foot of the lowest tree.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—Among the anecdotes we have heard related of this great literary Leviathan, and which have not, so far as our recollection is to be credited, before appeared in print, is the following short but pithy one:—During the Doctor's temporary residence in Edinburgh, one of the most influential of the then magistrates, distinguished alike for his affability and proud spirit, called at the inn in which the lexicographer "put up," for the purpose of paying his respects to him. The Doctor happened at the time to be in one of his sullen, morose fits, and did not deign to treat the magisterial gentleman in a manner even approaching to the common courtesies of life. The latter, after repeated ineffectual attempts to draw the Doctor into conversation, at length rose and violently rang the bell. John promptly appeared, upon which the functionary presented him with half-a-crown, adding in tone of mingled indignation and sarcasm, "Here, waiter, take that for a sight of your southern bear."

☞ Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.